

TEAN

DOWN MEMORY LANE



JIM FOLEY

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to thank all those who helped to produce this book.

In particular I want to thank the following:
Ivy Brunt who must have worn out several pairs of shoes and umpteen pens while visiting older Tean residents and writing down their memories for this book:

Mrs. Ivy Shore (nee Farmer) who kindly sent me over 120 photos of old postcard views of Tean, a number of newspaper cuttings and lots of very useful information and contacts;

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All those who contributed to the book and who entrusted us with their precious family photos;
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Mrs. Betty Chaddock of Weeping Cross, Stafford who has done a very professional job on the typing.

Cover photo of Tean High Street
courtesy of Ivy Brunt

FOREWORD

Ivy Brunt whose family have lived in Tean for at least four generations wrote to me in January this year to tell me how much she had enjoyed the book of memories which I had brought out last year called 'Checkley Where Time Stands Still'. In her letter Ivy said that Tean folk who had read the book loved it and asked 'Why can't there be a book like that on Tean?'

As I no longer live in Checkley I was a bit reluctant to take on a book of memories on Tean. Ivy Brunt began to collect older Tean peoples' memories and send them on to me. I was tempted to put a book together.

In June I received a letter from a Mrs. Ivy Shore (nee Farmer) - Tean born and bred but now living in Somerset - to tell me how much she had enjoyed the Checkley book and how it had brought back happy memories of the past. With her letter she enclosed 120 photos of old postcards of Tean which she had been collecting for about eleven years. Mrs. Shore's family too have connections with Tean going back generations.

I decided to take the plunge and go ahead with a book of Tean memories similar to the Checkley one. There is no doubt in my mind that without the support, hard work and generosity of these two Tean ladies - both named Ivy - this book would not have been produced.

The Checkley book has been as far afield as Canada, New Zealand and the U.S.A. It has brought a sense of pride to the people who wrote their memories, pleasure and happy memories to people who live in the village, encouragement to others to write their own memories and a desire to visit Checkley by people who had never been there. I sincerely hope that this book of Tean memories will do the same for Tean.

My thanks to Steve McCall and Mabel Edwards, Manageress, of the Spar Shop, Tean and John and Mrs. Cooper of Coopers' Newsagents, Tean for agreeing to sell this book without commission, thus enabling the book to be published.

The Tean and Checkley Historical Society is collecting local memories for their own book. Do contact them if you have memories, photos or items which might be of use.

If you can identify or date any of the photos in this book please let me know.

If you have any theories about the location of the ancient meeting place of the Totmonslow Hundred I would like to hear from you.

For technical, financial and production reasons I have been unable to use all the photos that were submitted with people's memories. I trust that people will understand and not be too disappointed.

Jim Foley

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INTRODUCTION

The history of Tean is like the history of England on a small scale.

Someone of importance lived in Tean during prehistoric times. A barrow or burial mound at Lower Tean is said to contain the remains of a chieftain. It was opened by the North Staffordshire Naturalist Field Club in 1876 but nothing of great importance was discovered.

There are indications that a Roman road came through Tean down the Hollington Road and up the Draycott Road. It is believed it was part of the Roman Ryknild Street which ran from Gloucester to Birmingham and on to Derby (Derwentio or Little Chester). From there a spur went on to Rocester where there was a Roman camp, on through Hollington, Tean and Draycott to a Roman town at Chesterton, near Newcastle-under-Lyme. From there it went on to Middlewich and Chester, a Roman stronghold.

In bygone days Totmonslow was the meeting place of the notables and village chiefs for the district of Totmanslow Hundred - one of a number of administrative districts in the County. There were 47 villages in the Hundred of Totmonslow and the district extended from as far afield as Rushton Spencer and Leek in the north, Weston Coyney and Caverswall in the west, Alstonfield and Rocester in the east and Uttoxeter in the south of the County.

The name Totmonslow could mean the burial mound of Totmon or Totmon's Hill. Old English 'hlow' means burial mound.

The County was criss-crossed with paths and tracks used by the ordinary villagers or peasants to get from one hamlet to the next or to markets in the bigger villages. There must have been many such tracks leading to Totmonslow. Some of these paths would have been prehistoric. Martha Ford Lane which runs from Tean to Stone could well be an ancient trackway. Its high banks as you leave Tean could be as a result of the wear and tear of people and animals and in later years carts using it day in, day out over the centuries.

The coming of the Danes brought war and strife to the area. The three stones at Checkley Churchyard are traditionally supposed to commemorate a battle between the Saxons - the inhabitants and Danes - the invaders, at Deadman's Green nearby.

Mrs. Eva Robinson (nee Thorley) of Totmonslow tells me that local tradition has it that Slade Man's Hole near Draycott was the site of an ancient battle. Legend has it that if something is thrown up into nearby rocks the spirit of a Saxon or Danish soldier will appear.

Erdeswick says that the place is a barrow or burial place of a Saxon Crusader.

In 1066 the Normans conquered the English at the Battle of Hastings. Twenty years after the Domesday Book was commissioned by William the Conqueror to itemise for himself what he had gained. The book tells us that Robert of Stafford holds Tean and that two freemen Wulfgeat and Wulfmer held it before the Conquest. Tean consisted of half a hide and land for 6 ploughs with 6 villagers and six smallholders with 3 ploughs and 3 slaves. With wives and children this would probably have meant a village of about 60 people.

There were 6 acres of meadow and $1\frac{1}{2}$ leagues of woodland. It was valued at 30/-.
Checkley had 3 villagers and was valued at 5/-.
Uttoxeter had 24 villagers and 11 smallholders and was valued at £8 with a probable population of 100.
Cheadle with 7 villagers was only worth 20/-.

Soon after this St. Mary and All Saints Church at Checkley was built by the Normans and about a hundred years later the Cistercian abbey at Croxden was built. Both were built using stone from the local quarry at Hollington. The Normans brought peace and prosperity to the area and commerce increased. Croxden Abbey was renowned throughout Europe for its wool.



About 500 years later Tean Hall - the black and white timber frame building was built. The date on the front is 1613. This must be Tean's oldest building. It is heart-breaking to see such a beautiful building, a precious part of Tean's heritage, going to ruin. I wonder what Prince Charles would say if he saw such a beautiful Elizabethan building with a monstrous modern office building hiding it from view and gradually being vandalised and destroyed. Have you ever looked at the magnificent chimney?

The Georgian building next door is architecturally as beautiful and it too is being gradually destroyed. Can no one do anything about this neglect? When it's gone people will say, 'What a shame, if only someone had done something'. Save Tean Hall before it's too late. What a lovely Museum or heritage centre it would make.

The Philips family were yeomen in the area from around 1400. They began to pull themselves up from the plight of the majority of peasants who worked for the landowners to become landowners in their own right and eventually squires with grand houses at Heybridge, Heath House and Oakhill, Tean.

John and Nathaniel Philips, two brothers, formed J & N Philips & Co. in 1747 making tape which was sold in Manchester. At first the tape was made in the workers' cottages - a period of cottage industry before the Industrial Revolution which brought in machines.

In Double Row - a row of cottages that used to be on the Cheadle Road - workers had their hand looms possibly downstairs and they lived upstairs. It would have been ideal for the womenfolk who could work and look after the children at the same time. As long as they

produced a given quota the managers would have been happy. As the technology improved machines were brought in so 'that as much tape is now produced by 100 workpeople as could formerly be produced by 1000' (Whites Directory of Staffs. 1851) - an early example of redundancy with mass unemployment and poverty in Tean and Cheadle. It would have meant the end of cottage industry and the start of the factory as we know it.

The Philips family were concerned about the affects of unemployment on local people. In the 1834 Directory of Staffordshire we find that John Philips had in 1810 left money towards 'the relief and support of such poor and distressed weavers as had been, or should be employed in the tape manufacture at Tean and Cheadle.' He also left £300 and directed the interest to be divided yearly among the poor of Upper Tean.

His widow Catherine Philips of Tean Hall, left £1,000 for the benefit of the poor of Upper Tean. These, along with other contributions from benefactors, must have been a help to the poor of Tean in those difficult years before State benefits.

During the 1914-1918 War British soldiers passed through Tean on their way to the Front in France, many of them never to return. Tean people came out to wave them on.

During the Second World War an allied aeroplane crashed on a house in Tean killing the pilot. A Tean man was later recommended for his bravery in trying to rescue the pilot.

At this stage in our story we have reached the point where the people of Tean can recount their own stories of life in the village when values were very different from those prevailing today.

Now read on.

5.

My name is Ivy Verian Shore, nee Farmer. I was born at Bon Marche, Tean on 24 March 1916.

My father was Charles Farmer, a Worcester man born in 1882. He was a head gardener when he married in 1913.

My mother was Beatrice Farmer, nee Johnson. She was born at Brookland Cottage, Cheadle Road, Tean in 1886. (This is the small cottage between Brookland House and the Cross Keys public house)

Her parents were William Henry Johnson and his wife Frances, nee Nutt. They were first cousins. My mother's maternal grandparents, Henry and Lucy Verian Nutt lived next door at Brookland House. Lucy kept a shop there selling home-made bread and groceries. On the other side of Brookland House lived her Johnson grandparents.

My great-grandfather Henry Nutt broke his leg while working at Hoar Cross Hall and Church. He was brought home in a cart to Brookland House, Cheadle Road, Tean. He had collected money for a harmonium for the Wesleyan Chapel. He was in bed with the broken leg when the organ was delivered. It was pushed along the road and when they reached his house they stopped under his window and his son-in-law, my grandfather, William Johnson played a hymn so he could hear it before he died. He died as a result of that injury in 1877. He was 45 years old.

My great-great-grandfather John Johnson was a Breeches Maker as was his father before him. Later John called himself a farmer. He probably kept a cow or two and pigs on the land at the side of his thatched cottage in Draycott Road, Tean.

My great-great-grandparents
John Johnson 1778 - 1870
and
Mary Ann Johnson (nee Walker) 1798 - 1881



My "Nutt" great-grandparents:
Henry Nutt 1831 - 1877. Died aged 45.
Lucy Verian Nutt (nee Johnson) 1831 - 1914
Died aged 83.

After my great-great-grandparents died James Hobson, one of their sons-in-law, bought their thatched cottage and grounds. He demolished the cottage in 1882 and built himself a house he called West End Villa. Some years ago the name was changed to Court House.

Some land at the side of the cottage was left to my great-great-grandfather John Johnson by his father George Johnson. The old Headmaster James Sinziniex drew up John's will and was one of the executors. Mr. Sinziniex was my grand-parents teacher and taught them beautiful copper-plate writing.

James Hobson had married Hannah Johnson, youngest daughter of John and Mary Ann Johnson. They had previously lived in London Road, Stoke and kept the Commercial Inn there. They retired with their daughter Mary (Polly) who married Bert Toney. Polly was cousin to my grand-parents. She died just before I was born. Her grave is in the graveyard of Christ Church, Tean. It is marked by a statue of a girl with hands clasped standing on a pedestal. Polly's mother, my great-great-aunt Hannah, lived on until she was 86.

I can also remember Polly's mother-in-law, Mrs. Toney who lived down the Uttoxeter Road. She was the daughter of Mr. Shenton who kept the grocery shop in New Road just below the Congregational Church.

When my mother was five years old her father, who had always worked in the Tean Mill, bought Bon Marche from Mr. Coxon. They moved there with their four young daughters, Verian, Beatrice, Dorothea and Fanny. Later their son John Henry Johnson was born there and a daughter Maud.



Henry and Lucy Nutt's children

Arthur Henry Nutt 1860-1948. Died aged 87

Frances Verian Nutt (married name Johnson)
1858-1937. Died aged 78

Gertrude Nutt 1863 - 1939. Died aged 76

Frances Verian Nutt was my grandmother. She
became a Johnson when she married her cousin
Will Johnson (shop-keeper)

My grandfather also bought "The Quiet Woman" public house at the bottom of Hollington Road from Henry Coxon but from then on it ceased being a pub, my grandfather being a staunch Wesleyan Methodist. He was organist and choir-master for 40 years at the chapel at the top of New Road, Tean until he became very deaf.

My mother was the daughter who always stayed at home and worked in the grocery and drapery shops next door until she married in April 1913 and went to live in Westmorland at the age of 27. Just one year later my grandparents retired and asked my parents to come and take over the shops. My father paid rent to my grandfather, who planned to leave Bon Marche in his will to his only son Jack.

World War I was declared that year, 1914, and my father was eventually called up and served in the Royal Horse Artillery. My uncles too were called up.

My sister Bemmie Farmer was born on Christmas Day 1919. Mother told me that shops stayed open very late on Christmas Eve in those days and on this particular occasion she had been busy in the drapery shop selling gifts and toys right up until midnight when my father bolted the shop doors. My sister was born a few hours later during the night. This completed our family.

I went to Tean schools until I was 11 years old. The teachers I remember were Mr. Frank Taylor, Headmaster, Miss Hurd and Miss Ivy Howe. Mrs. Johnson taught in the Infants School. I had piano lessons with Miss Lizzie Turner who lived in High Street; later I had piano lessons at Uttoxeter Girls High School.



Bon Marche, Tean in the mid 1930's. I am in the doorway



Mrs. Frances Johnson, with 5 of her children,
Fanny, Maud, Jack, Beatrice and Verian

When I was 16 I left school and worked in the grocery shop where we sold everything except green-groceries. We also sold hardware such as dustbins, buckets, saucepans and garden tools. Lots of people kept hens in those days so we sold corn etc. We always carried a good stock of glass chimneys and shades for the paraffin lamps most people used, paraffin and candles too.

In the drapery shop my mother stocked men's suits, ladies and children's coats, hats, dresses, underwear, bed linen, materials by the yard, fancy goods and toys.

We had no delivery van. Women would walk from Lower Tean and Winneth Dale to shop and carry home a heavy bag of groceries in each hand. In my days at Bon Marche we had no telephone, no electricity or gas and no mains water. We did have a bathroom upstairs with a full size bath and a wash basin but only cold rain water came out of the taps, collected in two tanks on the yard. We had to boil water on the kitchen range and carry it upstairs. When my sister and I washed our hair we would rinse it under the pump spout on the back yard. It was icy cold in winter.

My cousin Ivy Arnold, nee Farmer, came to live with us after she left school in South Wales.

They were very happy days, my life centred round the shop and the Methodist chapel. Sunday was a full day with Sunday School in Gorsty Hill Road morning and afternoon, services at chapel morning and evening. There were also week-night services. We had concerts in the Sunday School building and once a year the Sunday School Anniversary, when the children "sat up" as it was called on a stage erected at the front of the chapel. Special hymns and solos were sung. At Christmas we went carol singing with the choir. I remember going to Heath House and also Oakhill.



View of Tean High Street, circa 1906, from the bottom of Hollington Road. The man in the white coat is my grandfather Will Johnson.

My friend Dorothy Johnson and I left Tean school when we were eleven and started at Uttoxeter Girls High School. We always sat together on the bus, Kathleen Halden caught the bus at Checkley and Mary Vernon at Fole. We four used to be friends at school. I remember us all going to Kathleen's at Rectory Farm, Checkley, and the long dark passages there. She mentioned these in the book "Checkley - Where Time Stands Still".

I still keep in touch with Dorothy Johnson. Our mothers used to be friends when they were young. Mrs. Johnson taught at Tean Infants School and her husband, Mr. J.W. Johnson (Jack) was a very well known and celebrated cricketer who played for Oakamoor and had also played for Staffordshire. They lived in Victoria House, Old Road, Tean with their two children, Dorothy and Edmund. Edmund became manager of Barclay's Bank at Uttoxeter and later Kidderminster.

In Victoria House next door lived Frank Taylor Headmaster of Tean School. In the old days Victoria House used to be a private school. When my mother was 50 she moved to Dorset. There she met a very elderly lady who, on hearing my mother came from Tean, said "I used to go to a private school in Old Road, Tean " (Victoria House). She said she used to walk there every morning from Cresswell when she was a very young child. I wonder what year it ceased being a school and became two houses?



My grandparents' Golden Wedding Group
21 February 1933

L to R seated:

William Henry Johnson Frances Verian Johnson
and their son John Henry Johnson

Standing, their daughters, L to R:

Fanny Hamilton Dorothea Wright
Verian Johnson Beatrice Farmer and Maud Snow

Photo courtesy of Mrs. Ivy Shore (nee Farmer)

My mother had a Tean school friend, Hilda Brooks. She left Tean when she was about 13 years old. They kept in touch even though Hilda married a Canadian soldier in the First World War and settled in Canada. When my mother died in 1982 I wrote to Hilda and I've continued writing ever since. She was 100 last December and is marvellous.

Across the road from Bon Marche was a little shop on the corner, now demolished, where Ted Moult had a shoe shop and also did repairs. Before that it had always been a woollen drapers and tailors shop.

As far back as the 1871 census report a William Johnson is listed as being there with his sons William and Samuel, both tailors, and his three daughters. The eldest son William was always referred to in the village as "Tailor Billy". I remember him well as an elderly man. His niece Miss Crook was the last of the family there.

I remember the Willy Wall Well very well. We often went for a walk on Sunday afternoons that way. The watercress was very good.

The farm now owned by Raymond Woolridge used to belong to Tom Frost when I was a girl. Tom Frost's brother Arthur married my great aunt Minnie.

My friend Ida Johnson (nee Heath) from Denstone grew up at Blythe House Farm, Tean. She married the late Charlie Johnson, son of the butcher in the High Street, Tean. His brother Jack and son are still at the shop. His sister Bessie - now dead - married Raymond Woolridge.

Charlie Johnson knew a good lot of stories about Tean and around there. Ida recalled Charlie telling a tale he'd heard about the old postman. It seems Mr. Ferneyhough was walking past Tom Frost's farm in Uttoxeter Road, Tean with his pony pulling a little cart with an organ on it when one of the men outside the farm shouted to him, "All you need now is a monkey". Back came the reply, "Hop on then". My cousin Doris Sims (nee Johnson) lived at Bon Marche after we left there. She is organist at the Methodist Chapel.



Mr. Ferneyhaugh in Martha Ford Lane, Tean

Photo courtesy of Ivy Brunt }



Accident at Bon Marche, Uttoxeter Road
Teian, 1930's

Photo courtesy of Ivy Brunt

As traffic increased on the roads there were many accidents on the corner - once a crockery lorry crashed into the grocery shop. The worst accident in our day was about 1930 when a meat lorry crashed into the large drapery window, turning over onto its side into the shop and shedding its load of lamb amongst the goods in the window. The wall at the side of the window was all broken down. Many villagers came to help get the vehicle back on its wheels and helped with the clearing up.

In 1936 when I was nearly 21 my parents retired to Dorset, due to my father's ill health. My mother's brother and wife, Jack and Mary Johnson followed us at the shops.

I married in April 1938. My husband Leonard Shore came from the Stoke area. We have three sons, David, Brian and John.



Photograph of painting by John Gosling of Tea High Street, 1832.

It was taken from the old Roe Buck which looks as if it was opposite the old Temperance Hall, now the Co-op store.

John Gosling was a painter, plumber and farmer. He and his family lived at Bank House, now the butchers - Johnson's. When I was a girl John Arthur Johnson lived at Bank House. He had a butcher's shop there as well as a farm. His son Jack and grandson are still at the shop.

John Gosling's son Robert was a photographer. He was also a Methodist preacher. He wrote a poem about Christ Church in 1883 when he was 41 years old.

The painting was owned by the late Joe Thorley of Totmonslow Farm, Totmonslow.

Use of photo courtesy of Mrs. Ivy Shore (nee Farmer) and by kind permission of Mrs. Pat Whitfield (nee Thorley).

My name is Hilda Golightly, nee Brooks.
I was born on 31 December 1892 and lived in
Cheadle Road, Tean.

I don't know where or how to begin! I think
we left Tean and went to live in the Potteries
when I was about 15 years old, which is a long
time ago.

I remember someone who lived in the Double Row
used to make lovely oatcakes in time for
breakfast. If I remember right they were
about the size of a dinner plate and I think
they were three for 2d. We used to toast
them and they were lovely for breakfast with
bacon.

I remember two men who used to come from the
workhouse at Cheadle selling firewood in
bundles. Then there was the rag and bone men
who would come along calling out "Rags and
bones". If you gave them some rags they would
give you a toy windmill for a child to play
with. For a good rabbit skin you got 2d. or
3d.

A big day at Tean was Easter Sunday and the
Sunday School Anniversary. We started
practising several weeks before Easter. They
would have a platform up on each side of the
pulpit and we stood on this to sing the hymns.
This of course was for the Wesleyan folks.
Then on the Monday we had a special tea of
ham sandwiches, lovely currant bread and
carroway seed bread made by a lady named
Mrs. Heathcote.



Cheadle Road, Tean

Hilda Golightly (nee Brooks) lived in one of the cottages on the left. Gilbert Sims whose father was a cousin of Hilda's said that the man with the horse and cart in the photo was Mr. Brooks, Hilda's father. I believe he was a coal man.

The cottages on the right were known as Double Row.

The house on the right was near the bottom of Gorsty Hill and was called White House.

Fred Dawson's family lived there.

Photo courtesy of Mrs. Ivy Shore (nee Farmer)

My father had a horse and cart and used to bring a load of coal from one of the pits near Cheadle. He had a pair of scales to weigh it on. Sometimes there was a knock on the door at night; "Would you let us have $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of coal 'til pay day?" - and very often pay day never came. It was a hard way to make a living.

One day a relative suggested we start a fish and chip shop. We had to invest a lot of money to buy a stove etc. Our first store was opposite Robert Gosling's in the High Street. Later we moved to what had been "The Quiet Woman" and started a fish and chip shop there. We did well at first but later it turned out not to be such a good location. My father got work with a group of men who were responsible for keeping the bridges on the North Staffs. railroad repaired, so we moved to Stoke and Fanny Johnson took over the fish and chip shop but didn't keep it very long.

Games we played as children were marbles and hopscotch. The most excitement was when we heard the band playing on the bandstand in the recreation ground, conducted by Mr. Beard.

Polly Steele kept the Post Office; a penny stamp for a letter, $\frac{1}{2}$ penny for a postcard.

INFORMATION SOUGHT

Have you any information on Tean village policeman 'Bobby' Whiston? The Whistons lived in one of the cottages at Riverside, Tean in the late 1890's. Bobby Whiston was the brother of Ellen Whiston whose married name was Abberley. There is a tale told that she came home one day with her apron full of large trout from the River Tean. Unfortunately they were all dead - killed by a mysterious disease. Mrs. Whiston's grandson, John Abberley, the well-known feature writer on the Evening Sentinel is trying to trace the Whiston side of his family.

When I was a girl at school Mrs. Phillips from Heybridge used to come sometimes in her carriage. It was a yellow colour with two grey horses. There were two men - one to drive and the other to open the door for the passengers when it stopped. Mrs. Phillips always called the register and when she called your name you would stand up and say "Present Mam". She was very interested in music.

A choir was formed and Mr. Beard, who was the organist at the Anglican Church, was the conductor. By that time I was old enough to be in the choir and learned a lot about music and singing. We went to Denstone College to compete in a competition that was held for choirs of different sizes. We won second prize. I think half of Tean were waiting for us when we got back.

I remember going to school in the winter when there would be big fires in the grates burning coal, but really not enough heat to keep the room warm. I wonder if those schools are still there. First there was the infants school with Mrs. Oldfield and Miss Travis, then the boys school with Mr. Frank Taylor, Mr. Bell and Miss Collier and then the girls school with Miss Schofield and Maggie Bradbury and, I think, Dot Sims.

Edmund Sims had two jobs. He used to mend pots and pans in the morning and then go on his bicycle with mail to Hollington and the farms around there. A man by the name of Joe Wooliscroft used to bring the mail from the Potteries and you could tell the time by him as he was always so punctual.



Once a year the Philips' family gave all the schools a treat at Heybridge. They sent a big cart with two horses for us as it was too far to walk. We could just see over the side of the cart.

We danced round the Maypole there. We used to make "Barber's Pole" and "The Gypsies Tent". The Philips' family came out on the lawn where we all lined up to receive an orange and a bun. Sometimes we got a little gift like a pencil box or sewing kit - such excitement. It was a Red Letter Day for us.

Photo courtesy of Mrs. Ivy Shore (nee Farmer)



Escort for Mr. J.W. Philips
when he returned to Tean in 1904
from London with his third bride

I remember Mr. J.W. Philips of Heybridge returning from London with his third wife. The couple were met at Tean Station with the Philips' yellow carriage pulled by two grey horses. Most of the male employees from the Tean factory met them at the station. They took the horses out of the carriage and pulled the couple in the carriage part of the way.

Photo courtesy of Mrs. Ivy Shore (nee Farmer)

I remember something happening one Sunday morning that was a great shock. There was only one doctor in the village, Dr. Davis. He had two beautiful daughters, Alice and Katie and two boys and a girl who were mentally handicapped, Johnnie, Willy and Mary. When the family got home from Church one Sunday morning they found Dr. Davis and Johnnie dead on the surgery floor. He had committed suicide and given Johnnie something also. The whole village was in shock. I imagine they are buried in Tean cemetery.

A lot of people in Tean worked in the mill where they made tape. It was woven at Tean and then taken to the Croft to be bleached.

I remember the lovely walk it was to Winnoth Dale, past the woods full of rhododendrons.

I remember at Christmastime the choir from the Wesleyan Chapel used to go around to the members' homes singing carols. We would go very quietly and there would be someone with a lantern so we could see the words. Of course we were invited in and always had mince pies and a cup of tea. We went to the Heybridge once and sang outside. They sent us to the servants' quarters to sing for them and what a feast of mince pies etc. we had there!

These are some of the happy memories I have of living at Tean.

My mother was born at Cheadle, one of a family of six girls. Their father was George James, an engineer in the coal mines near Cheadle.

Simon James was a cousin, also Tom James who kept a draper's shop in High Street for many years.



Hilda (nee Brooks) and Edwin Golightly
on their 65th Wedding Anniversary
They were both 90 at the time.

My husband Edwin was born in Sunderland and emigrated to Canada in 1901 with his parents. During World War I he came to England with the Canadian Army. We were married on 6 June 1918. After the War we went to Canada. After twenty years I returned to Tean for a visit. I remember I was at the Methodist Chapel when World War Two was declared.

The remainder of my holiday was spent trying to book a passage back to Canada. I tried desperately to get a reservation on the Athena but was unsuccessful. It could have saved my life. The Athena was the first British passenger liner to be torpedoed by a German U-boat. It was en route to Montreal with 1,400 people on board. 112 people lost their lives. My husband thought I was on the Athena. I couldn't send a telegram and he didn't know I was safe until I reached Montreal and telephoned him.



Tean Railway Station, Totmonslow

Gladys Prosser (nee Moulton) was born on 13 November 1907, the eldest of seven - two boys and five girls, at Totmanslow where her father was station master. The family moved to the terrace by the "Cross Keys" when Gladys was one year old.

Her father was Arthur Ernest Moulton and her mother Lucinia Moulton (nee Barratt). When her father came back from the Great War he changed his job and worked as a miner until he retired.

She went to school in Hollington Road from 5 - 13 years old, first into mixed infants and then into the girls' school. Infants, boys and girls, had separate schools and separate playgrounds. The children who lived locally went home for dinner, those who lived further away had sandwiches.

She learnt reading, writing and arithmetic and also drill (exercises) and cooking. Cookery classes were down in the village (maybe in where the Co-op is now?) once a week. They had to pay for what they had made.

At 13 years old she went to work for an aunt at Hartshill who had a hat shop, looking after children. Then she came back to Tean to look after the Farmers' children at Bon Marche. Mr. Farmer had a grocers shop, Mrs. Farmer a drapers.

At 14 years old she went to look after the children at the Cross Keys pub and after that she went to work at Heath House for Colonel and Mrs. Philips. They had three children, two girls and a boy,

She went as third housemaid and initially cleaned the servants' quarters. Later, when she was trained and there were less staff, she cleaned the main house where only the head housemaid used the vacuum cleaner.

She had half a day off and alternate Sunday mornings and afternoons. On the Sunday afternoon she had to be back by 9 o'clock. She spent her time off back with her family.

When she was about 19 she took a post with Mellors in Ludlow and so left the area.



Tean Station, Totmanslow circa 1908 on the old Cheadle Railway line. It became part of the 'Knotty' or North Staffordshire Railway in 1907. The bridge in the background is on the Draycott Road, Totmanslow.

I am Emma Ratcliffe. I was born Emma Shaw in the year 1907 in Chapel Street, Cheadle. I came to live in Tean when I was 5 years old. My parents were Annie Shaw and Thomas Shaw. We lived in a little cottage at the top of Old Road. It is still there and faces Gorsty Hill. It was called Primrose Cottage in those days.

I went to school at St. Thomas's, the little old school by the St. Thomas's Catholic Church, which is now a play school. We had an altar there which my mother and Mary Ann Saunders used to prepare for Rev. Father Scott when he took Holy Communion on Sundays.

We used to play at the bottom of Gorsty Hill with a skipping rope tied to the gas lamp. One little girl was Ethel Johnson who was very tiny.

There was old Mrs. Plant who lived near us. She used to come out with a bucket of water which she threw over us shouting, "I'll shift yer and keep away from my boy."

Next door to me in Old Road lived a man by the name of Travis. He kept pigs so his nickname was Pigman Travis. He pulled folks teeth out with his pig instruments. One day I was crying with tooth ache; he said, "Come on", took me inside, sat me down on a chair, said "Open yer mouth" and took my tooth out. He said, "Here's a pig ring, keep that and you won't have toothache again".



Emma Ratcliffe, aged 19

Once when he was up the garden he left a big pot of stew on a hook over the fire simmering. A group of us went into his house, myself, his two grand-daughters Phylis and Gladys Rowe, and a grandson Ian; Phylis had her red woollen hat soaked by the rain so she put it on the hook over the stew to dry. When Piggy Travis came in and went to stir his stew it was red - the red dye from the woolley hat had dripped into it. He shouted, "What the B. Hell's up with this, I'll ring yer necks." We all went to stand outside the mill waiting for our parents. We were too afraid to go back down the Old Road.

Courting days were innocent enough. One night my friend Lizzie and I went walking out with two Cheadle lads. I could hear Lizzie a few yards ahead talking about the moon and what a nice night it was. Then I heard her say, "Oh! Hark at the cuckoo". It was pitch dark at the time. One of the lads said, "Come on, I think it's time to go" One of the lads became an undertaker.

I remember there being a sad time at our house when my nine year old brother Victor died of pneumonia. At that time my mother was a bit short of money and we didn't know what to do about the funeral expenses. Kind Mrs. Horobin from the shop in New Road lent my mother the money, telling her to pay back what she could when she could until my mother had some policies sorted out.



Tean men on steps of Temperance Building
circa 1924

TOP ROW L to R

Bill Perry, Ernest Johnson, Jack Campbell, Pat Regan

BOTTOM ROW L to R

Jim Saunders, Ernest Lovatt, Dada Cope,
Will Kirkland, Will Bostock, William Travers

Photo courtesy Harry Bostock

I, Thomas Henry Bostock, was born on 16 June 1909 at Swan House, High Street, Tean. It used to be a public house. My father Thomas was a plumber and painter and he used to repair all the water pumps around the area as that was the only water supply. I remember they were deep wells in the ground with a wooden pump and handle.

My mother, Elizabeth and her sister, Annie Hankers ran a laundry at home and did a lot of fancy shirts for the gentry as they had a lot of dances and do's in those days. My mother and her sister had special irons for the frills and used to heat them in front of the coal fire on a stand.

I attended Greatwood School in Tean. Most of the children used to have a little cart on wheels to collect the horse manure off the roads for the gardens. There were no motors in Tean in those days. We used to play whip and top along the road.

There was an old man in the village named John Collier who had a saddlers shop and he used to make harnesses for the horses. We used to go to him with our football to be mended as an excuse to get inside the shop out of the cold. The winters were rather severe in those days.

Most of the men worked at New Haden Coal Pit near Cheadle. They all used to wear clogs with steel tips. At 5 o'clock in the morning you could hear them rattle on the road. Most women worked in the Cotton Mill in Tean. They started work at 6 o'clock in the morning and didn't finish until 6 o'clock at night. The Mill used to make its own gas for lighting by burning gas coal which was kept in a large container in the yard.



At back - Thomas Bostock (father)
Front - Edith Bostock, Annie Hankers
(mother's sister) Harry (Thomas
Henry) Bostock, Elizabeth Bostock
(nee Hankers) (mother)

The Mill used also to provide gas for the street lamps in the village. A man from the Mill would come round and light them when it got dark. He put them out again at 10 o'clock.

All the houses in those days had paraffin lamps. Farmers had to take their milk to the dairy by horse and cart. As children, we used to fetch milk from the farm in a can.

We children used to have two tea parties a year. We had one at Heath House given by Mr. & Mrs. Philips on the lawns and gardens and one at Heybridge, Lower Tean by another Mr. & Mrs. Philips. We used to march down escorted by the Tean Village Brass Band.

There was a public house in Tean called The Roe Buck Inn. The landlord was Uriah Prince and he had horses and coaches which he used just like a taxi business today. In a yard at the rear of the pub there were wooden stalls for cattle. It must have been a cattle market at some time.

There was an old man in the village who used to mend boots and shoes. He was called Smocky Middleton.

I remember during the 1914-1918 War an Artillery Regiment came through the village with guns drawn by horses. They filled the village street and village people were giving them tea and cakes.

Tean was well-known for its Gingerbread made by the baker, Mr. McGarry. People used to come from miles around to buy it but unfortunately when he died it wasn't the same any more.

My father used to tell me that he had to leave school when he was 10 years of age to earn money as his father had died. He went in service to a man named Jim McLaughlin who had a steam roller and threshing machine. The roads in those days were all granite stone prepared with soil and water. Mr. McLaughlin used to water the roads with a water cart and then roll them with his steam roller. It was all horses and carts in those days.

The mail used to be collected from the villages by horse and van and then taken to Stoke Station. Any incoming mail was brought back in the morning.

I left school at 13 and was an apprentice joiner to the village builder at 4/6d. (22½p.) for a 60 hour week.



Tean High Street 38.

I married Elsie Mary Moore in 1934 at Checkley Church.

War was declared against Germany on Sunday, 3 September 1939 at 11.30 a.m. I was called up on 6 May 1943. After training in England we sailed from Liverpool to Oran, North Africa where we arrived on Christmas Day 1943. From North Africa we were taken across the Mediterranean to Naples, Italy. We were moved towards the Front and near a little village called Fontanelli I joined up with 9th Batt. Royal Fusiliers. Later we were moved to the Anzio Bridgehead to reinforce the 8th Batt. Royal Fusiliers.

On Tuesday, 16 February 1944 I was taken prisoner. I spent the rest of the war in a number of P.O.W. camps - Stalag VllA, Mooburg and Stalag VlllC, Sagan, Germany. I started work on 17 October 1944 at a cement works at Breslau. On 23 January 1945 we were marched west away from the advancing Russians and finished up 800 k.m. away at Stalag VlllB, Ziegenhine on 10 March. Soon afterwards, on Good Friday 1945, we were liberated by the 3rd American Army.

After a medical examination to check that we were fit to travel and a visit to a de-lousing camp we were flown in a Dakota back to England. We stayed overnight in London. Next day I caught the train to Stoke-on-Trent and a bus to Longton where my wife Elsie was waiting for me with our two children, Alan (10) and Joan (8). My wife didn't recognise me at first as I was so emaciated and badly needed a shave. After two years wondering if I'd ever see my family again I was back home in Tean.

Fred Dawson remembers.

I was born in 1912 and lived in a house at the bottom of Gorsty Hill called the White House. It is now gone. My mother Patty Dawson, nee Deakin, was born in Milwich. My father was Will Dawson.

My father and Teddy Doman helped to manufacture the gas at Tean Mill which not only supplied the Mill but also the street lights and the Church.

Near us was Double Row and a man who lived there was named Jimmy Eden. He lived upstairs and was in the New Haden Band. You could hear him playing his trumpet. There were some characters in Double Row - Percy Prime, Aubrey Waugh and the Barret family, a family of twelve.

I remember my mother was first to have electricity installed at her house in Cheadle Road, roughly around late 1930's.

One of the things that changed for the better was when mains water was laid on. It was not as laborious as the old pump! Mr. Ern Bostock laid this on.

After the First World War there used to be a "crocks" stall in the Black's Head yard, lit by paraffin flares. Men used to walk from the Potteries with baskets on their heads.

Garden parties were held up at Oak Hill and Heath House. There were dances in the Methodist schoolroom and six-penny hops at the Gardeners Arms club room.

I used to fetch flour with a horse and dray from Tean railway station for Denis McGarry, grandfather to Pat McGarry, to use for his baking. He had a shop near the mill.

I can remember Fred Molloy keeping a fish and chip shop - where the betting shop is now. Later he sold the shop to Percy Stephens who kept it as a fish and chip shop.

People by the name of Nicklin owned a garage and a wheelwrights shop where Jim McGarry's shop used to be up the Draycott Road. A lady named Mrs. Cartlidge had a sweet shop there. Shentons had a bake house at the end of White Hart cottages. A shop we used to own was once called Hobsons. It is now Cowlshaw and Mountford, Solicitors. Stella Wilcox had a fish shop, Lovatts had a shoe shop where Coopers newsagents is now and Joe Cope was a butcher at the bottom of New Road. McGarrys sold apricot buns on Thursdays. These were well known, as was his ginger-bread which was sold on Saturdays. Old Harry Basset - Jack's father - had two shops along the High Street. Flora Heath sold fruit and vegetables in the shop next door.

I remember how we used to walk to Alton Towers.

If anyone had a sprained ankle they went to "Willy Waughs" Spring and held it under the icy water.

My wife, Nora Dawson, born in 1917 at Cheadle, started the hockey team at Tean Mill. About 1937 she played along the Croft with the J. and N. Philips team versus a Manchester team. After the match both teams had baths in the vats at Croft Mill - normally used for dyeing ribbon and tape. Afterwards we were taken for a meal at the Wheatsheaf Hotel in Cheadle.



Soldiers marching through Tean during the
1914 - 1918 War.

photos courtesy of Mrs. Ivy Shore



My name is Eva Williams, nee Morley. I was born in 1908 at 43 High Street, Tean. My parents were George Morley and Elizabeth Morley, nee Johnson. Father was born in Hollington, mother was born in Tean.

I went to school at what was then called "Undenominational" and is now Greatwood School. I was 3 years old when I started school and 14 years old when I left. If you kept talking in class you were made to stand in a corner with a picture of a big red tongue pinned on the front of you, also you could be given 500 lines to write out. Teachers were Miss Hurd and Miss Birks.

When I was a small school-girl I remember an occasion when helping mother mangle clothes and a cousin was turning the handle of the big mangle. He turned the handle round so fast that my fingers were caught in the rollers. I was sent to Uttoxeter Road to see the district nurse at Frosts' house as the nurse lodged with them. My fingers were roughly plunged into hot water and iodine was applied to them. I was then sent up to see Dr. Smith who lived opposite to where the new Tean Surgery now is, in Old Road, Tean. He told me I had been brave.

I left school at 14 years and worked at the Tean Mill. I left after a while to work in service. I would have been about 17 or 18 years old at this time. A Miss Rudge, who was a missionary lady and lodged with Ada Box in Back Lane persuaded me to take a job as parlour maid. This would be in Fr. Alexander's time.



Eva Williams aged 17

I returned home from my parlour maid job and Mrs. Alexander saw an advertisement in the Church Times asking for a nanny at a curate's house, for his child. The curate was Rev. Sweeting of Spondon Church, Derbyshire. I applied for the job and got it. Later the curate and family decided to emigrate to Canada so I had to come home. I then became a nanny again for a consultant at Derby Infirmary to his little girl.

After this job I got married to Les Williams on 8 April 1939. My husband was born in 1911 and came from Freehay. He worked on a farm for George Hawley of Tean. Later he worked at Froghall and the Creda factory at Blythe Bridge.

We went to live at Bridge Terrace, the first turn left after going over Tean bridge in the direction of Totmonslow.

I am a widow now and have lived in this house for 54 years, except for eighteen months when we had to move out whilst the house was repaired. In 1944 an aeroplane crashed into our house and the other adjoining cottages. Woods' in the middle was the worst hit. Dick and Hannah Wood lived there with their two children, Brian and Ivan. Ivan had been in his cot upstairs when the aeroplane crashed into the top part of the rooms. Miraculously Ivan was not hurt too badly. You could see the tail end of the aircraft sticking out of the house. There were crowds of onlookers. The pilot, a 19 year old American, was flying solo. He was killed. His neck was broken. Others had flown alongside him in their planes, they all had been on manoeuvres.

Before the crash I remember being in the kitchen, alone in the house. I heard the noise of this low-flying 'plane and before I could do anything about it, it crashed on our cottages. Mine was the end one, which is near the Island Lane. You can to this day see where these cottages had to be repaired.

My name is Mrs. Celia Allen (nee Salt). My father Frank Salt, who lived in High Street, Tean received a citation for his bravery in trying to help the pilot whose plane crashed in Tean during the Second World War.

" On occasion of the crashing of an aircraft, Lieut. Frank Salt immediately proceeded to the spot and endeavoured to rescue the pilot from the burning wreckage. Discovering, however, that the pilot was dead he set about removing the petrol tanks, guns and ammunition. Despite the risk of ammunition or petrol exploding, Lieut. Salt continued this work until the arrival of the U.S. Air Corps personnel.

By his prompt action and disregard of personal safety, Lieut. Salt served to minimize the damage done in the crash and was probably instrumental in averting much greater damage to surrounding property. "

My father received a letter of congratulation from Mr. H.B. Philips of Heybridge and Lieutenant Colonel of the 6th Staffordshire Brigade.

My father also received the British Empire Medal (B.E.M.) for "keeping the wheels of industry turning at J & N Philips during the War".

My name is Roy Bentley. I was born in Old Road, Tean on 29 April 1913. My mother's name was Lily Bentley, nee Johnson. I had one sister Irene older than me. My father William Bentley was born at Meir.

My mother started work at Tean Mill when she was 13 years old and worked there for 70 years until she was 83.

I started work at the Mill at 14 as a little helper in the tape weaving. We got paid once a fortnight and my first wage was a ten shilling note - 50p. in today's money.

My sister, my father and I used to go for long walks in the fields gathering flowers and herbs. My dad was a big believer in herbs.

As a boy I used to play marbles on the foot-path, and top and whip.

At Christmas we had a bunch of holly hanging from the ceiling. Once I had a Hornby train set for Christmas. My sister had a doll. We both had the usual orange with other small things.

At the top of Back Lane - now called St. Thomas' Road, there were allotments where the bungalows and the school stand. Where the Co-op now is was the Temperance Room. We used to go there as lads. There was a billiard table in one room and you could play skittles or cards in another one.

Every year there was a carnival at the Rec. There was a bandstand there where a local jazz band led by Harold Moseley used to play.

Polly Collier was the Infants Teacher at Tean School when I was a boy. Johnny Bell was the teacher in the big school and Frank Taylor was the headmaster.

I remember in 1918 the children of each class were marched down to the village where we were all lined up on the footpath outside Tean Mill to watch the soldiers - some on horseback - go by.

I married Lucy Twimlow from Adderley Green, near Longton on 13 July 1941. We had three girls. We have eight grand-children and one great grand-daughter.



Lily Bentley at Tean Mill
Photo courtesy of Ivy Brunt

Mrs. Doris Buxton, born in 1905 and wife of the late Harry Buxton remembers -

In the bad winter of 1947 they were living on a farm in Gorsty Hill. There had been so much snow that all the lanes there were completely blocked, especially the one by the Wentlow Hills.

The lanes and hedges were level with the Gorsty wall and frozen solid for months.

Harry Buxton and his son Gordon had to deliver the milk through the fields on a sledge drawn by "Dolly", their horse.

German prisoners of war were used to clear the snow away.

Mrs. Buxton's maiden name was Rigby.



Blacksmith's shop, Hollington Road, Tean
opposite The Quiet Woman

My name is Nancy Farmer. I was born in Tean on 15 June 1915. My parents were Frederick Howard Slater and Florrie Slater. My mother's maiden name was Shenton. She was born in New Road, Tean.

I married Robert Arthur Farmer on 16 December 1939.

I worked at Tean Hall Mill from the age of 14 years as a pinwinder, then warper and then as a weaver. The wage when I started was 2d. per hour! When my mother started to work there the wage was 1½d. per hour. My father worked at the mill for 57 years. My husband worked there for 40 years. He was a foreman over the preparation department. He was in the army for 6½ years in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

I have lived in this house for 77 years. My husband Arthur Farmer came to Tean in 1935 from South Wales. He lived with his sister Ivy Arnold until we were married.

Mr. & Mrs. E. Rowe lived at the little cottage belonging to the mill where they were cleaners for quite a long time. Gerald Brain's aunty also lived there at one time.

Arthur and I had one daughter, Lorraine - now married to Michael Elks. They have two children, a boy and a girl. She was a teacher at the Greatwood School where she first started her education. I was also taught at the same school as was my father and I think my grandfather.

I remember some very lean times when the mill was on "work a week and play a week". I remember when Hollaways Theatre used to be along Cheadle Road near where The Cross Keys is now. That would be over 60 years ago. The shows were wonderful.

I also remember how we always looked forward to the Wakes coming on to the recreation ground. I used to play with the children belonging to the Wakes people and I still keep in touch with one of them.

At one time we used to have a carnival every year. The Carnival Queen would be crowned on the bandstand which used to be on the recreation ground.

We also used to have a Corpus Christi procession years ago.

I remember how on Wednesdays cattle used to be driven through the streets on their way to Uttoxeter market.

As children we were able to play top and whip, skipping and bowlers without any fear of traffic.

When I was young there was a terrible thunder storm one night when 10 cows were killed under one tree and 2 calves under another at Gorsty Hill.

I understand that this house - 25 High Street, Tean - was once the police house many years ago.



Arthur Farmer and his wife
Nancy (nee Slater)
on their wedding day, Christ Church, Tean
16 December 1939

I was a member of the Brownies and the Rangers up until my marriage. The troupe formed a guard of honour outside the Church. The Captain of the movement was Miss Audrey Phillips of Heath House. Nancy Martin was a leader too. There was also a Scout movement.



Nancy and Arthur Farmer
on their Golden Wedding Anniversary
16 December 1989

Very peculiar privies at Tean



Newspaper cutting courtesy of
Mrs. Nancy Farmer and Cheadle and Tean Times

**Ancient privies at Tean
may get official protection
— as historic buildings.**

The rare octagonal blocks are thought to be early 19th century and Checkley Parish Council, amongst others, are worried about their future.

Originally the two buildings each contained seven privies serving cottages in the centre of Tean, they are now used as garden sheds.

A proposal to get them officially listed by the Department of the Environment for their architectural and historical interest will be considered by members of Staffordshire Moorlands District Council planning committee this afternoon (Thursday).

My name is Alice Levitt, nee Lomas. I was born on 4 August 1916 at No. 2 Johnson's Row. The houses are no longer there; it is now Uttoxeter Road.

My father was Gilbert Lomas and my mother was Mary Ellen Lomas, nee Wilson. She was born at Roebuck Cottage, Tean.

My father was a miner and my mother a mill worker at the Tean Mill. She was 84 years old when she was made redundant but was still an active lady. She gardened and burnt all the rubbish and walked the dog. Mother was 92 years of age when she died and was only ill three days up to her death.

Mother married twice; her first husband died at the age of 27 years, leaving her with two children. She was so poor that her sister-in-law took her baby boy to care for him. He had to call his own mother Aunt Nellie and wasn't allowed to call her Mother!

I went to work in the Tean Mill at 14 years of age. Later I went to work as a care assistant in a home for the elderly.

I went to school at Tean and I liked it; history and poetry were my special subjects.

My life was quite happy. We didn't ask for much, but Christmas and Tean Wakes were 'red letter' days for everyone.

Games we played were hop-scotch, skipping, dolls prams, playing with dolls, marbles, Jacky shine your light, bowlers, tut, rounders, and hide-and-seek.

Christmas was pure magic, we didn't have all the toys they have now but we loved it. Weeks before Christmas we paid into a Christmas Club. Then came the catalogue. After that we counted the weeks, then the days; finally in the last week we waited for a loud bang on the door when in came Santa and oh! the excitement of it all. After we told him what we wanted my mother gave him a 3d. piece. I said, "You don't pay Santa do you?" Came the reply, "It's for his reindeer". We never had turkey, just a piece of pork. A man by the name of Will Bentley dressed up as Santa.

Tea had 31 shops. Sunday papers were delivered on a home-made wagon by a Mr. Alf Byatt.

We used to have what we called a social evening. We would meet at the Old Gorsty Hill Sunday School and there we would play games such as, There came 3 Dukes a-riding, The famous Duke of York, Here we go gathering nuts in May. After, there were refreshments - tea out of a large urn, and then home to bed.

Then there was at Chapel what was called "Sitting Up". The Chapel is now pulled down. For the Sitting Up we had to sit on a stage, it was in seven tiers. All boys sat on the left and the girls on the right. The girls wore their best dresses and large bows in their hair. There we all sang our hearts out in praise every Easter Sunday.

Every September the big event was Tea Wakes. We used to wait for the Wakes to appear round the Uttoxeter Road corner as we sat on the wall near the Tea Bridge. This wall was supposed to have been built from stones taken from Tea jail. It was such a thrill the first Sunday after the 19th. I suppose the Wakes still takes place on that date.

My father used to tell me stories and incidents about the village. He told me about a local doctor who lived up Old Road. One Sunday morning his wife went to church with one of their children, leaving the other three at home. When she came back she found the doctor and the three children dead. He had poisoned them and then himself. They are buried under the yew tree in Christ Churchyard on the right hand side as you go in through the main gates, the grave with a white cross.

My mother told me that on the 1 May every year they would go up the Martha Ford Lane and gather branches of green to decorate the mill before they started work at 6 o'clock.

My father owned a little horse and it used to pull a cart from which my father sold fish and vegetables. He fetched the fish from Tean station. My mother used to go to pay the fish bill at Heron Cross. He delivered his fish and vegetables all round Leigh. He always took his dog with him. Folk could tell when he was coming, he was so regular.

I remember Dr. Boyd's surgery down Uttoxeter Road. I had a difficult labour with my first child. It was a breech birth and he saved my life, I am told. When I was in labour he played the bagpipes; he said it would take my mind off the pain !!!

I have been married for 55 years this 27 August 1993 to George Levitt. We were married at Tean Christ Church by Father Collier. The first baby I had died at two days old. I have a son Edward, born in 1940 who qualified as a motor engineer and later went into Social Services to teach engineering at Approved Schools. He's been doing it for 35 years.

For the last two years Edward has been working for the legal section of the Social Services Department.



Gilbert and Mary Ellen Lomas
parents of Alice Levitt

My father Gilbert (Fred) Lomas died in 1963 aged 75 years. My mother Mary Ellen died in 1972 aged 92 years.

My name is Freda Beardmore. I was born in Tean on 28 January 1919. My maiden name was Camwell. My parents were Jack and Cissie Camwell. My mother's maiden name was Perry. She had a sister Florrie. My father's parents kept a farm at Winnoth Dale where he was born.

My two sisters and four brothers were all born and reared at the big old house which used to be a pub in the olden days called The Quiet Woman. It wasn't very quiet when we were all inside I can tell you. The house was attached to a shop which was called The Bon Marche.

It was an old house with two downstairs living rooms boarded half way. The windows had bars. It looked like an old-fashioned pub; there were wooden seats round, a fireplace and a small window leading into what we called "the parlour". I assume it was a snug in those days where drinks were served. It had a big rambling back kitchen where there used to be a well until my dad filled it in. There were two flights of stairs so dad, being on all nights at the New Haden Pit, always slept in the top rooms in the daytime which we used to call the attics. We used to explore up there because although mum never believed us, that's where we heard and saw the ghost several times. We were used to seeing it so were never too scared.

Dad said her name was Martha who had been beheaded on the spot where the house now stands. She was supposed to have been a witch who used to cause a lot of trouble in the village and surrounding areas.

Martha the Quiet Woman was a poltergeist and she used to enjoy tilting pictures on the walls and opening doors. Mine was opened one night.

We noticed that after we had put the pictures straight we could hear her laughing high up on the stairs in the upper part of the house, then the laughing would stop and a shadow crossed in front of us. My father said that she was well known in years gone by when she used to play tricks in The Quiet Woman such as spinning a spittoon in the middle of the bar floor when there was no-one near who could possibly have done it. Martha had been a very outspoken lady in her time and believed that women should be allowed in The Quiet Woman's bar the same as men, so her antics in the bar with the spittoon, half emptying glasses or tipping one over were intended to cause arguments and fights amongst the men. Martha never did our family any harm.

I had told my husband Ken about Martha. One day he had left the house to walk up the back garden next to the churchyard when he heard a female voice laughing and singing, but it turned out to be little Ivy Brunt who was in the next garden. She would be about three or four at the time. She was a beautiful little child, always singing.

By tradition a lot of local people used to call at our house during Tean Wakes for a portion of rabbit pie; my father, besides being a miner, was also a poacher along with his work mates and my eldest brothers so we never went short of a meal in those days. The local Bobby Parnell used to turn a blind eye to these activities because he didn't consider them to be serious crimes. Compared with today's crimes they were trivial.

I was a member of the Tean Jazz Band which was run by Harold Mosley and Rupert James. My best mate Nancy Thorley was also in it. We used to practice on the Tean Rec. or Gardeners Arms club room if it was raining. We used to enjoy our trips out every Saturday to other carnivals.

Along Vicarage Road, which we called Lover's Lane, there was a blacksmith named Jack Smith who used to make cartwheels and coffins.

I went to St. Thomas's School. Our headteacher was Miss Grace and our teacher a Miss Moran.

The Parish Priest was Father Purcell. If you had not attended Sunday Mass you were afraid to go to school on Monday because he would be waiting to ask you why etc. etc. The school used to be turned into a church for Sunday's services.

McGarry shop used to make their own bread and cakes. If we were a bit hard up we were sent down on Mondays for a shillings worth of Saturday cakes.

Leaving school at 14 years I went to work at Tean Hall Mills which at that time made tape and ribbon. I did pin winding, bobbin winding and warping. Nora Dawson was our overlooker. We were paid 16/-d. per fortnight. We worked from 8 a.m. until 6 p.m. I wasn't a very early riser in those days so when the factory alarm went I was just getting out of bed. I got to the factory on the last stroke of eight o'clock.

The winters in my day seemed severe. There were plenty of snow drifts on the Wentlow Hollows. It's full of houses now. We used to put a pair of old socks over our shoes to go and walk in the drifts; not many could afford wellingtons then. There was a field up Heath House Road which they call Greatwood Road now. The farmer let us play in the hay.

It's a wonder we didn't get lamed running round Tean streets. 'Jack shiny light' was one of our games. There wasn't much traffic about then so all the kids used to play top and whip in Uttoxeter Road. Oranges used to come to the shop in boxes tied with rope which we called orange rope - we used the rope for skipping.

Every time there was a big storm the brook flooded over and the little houses side of the White Hart were flooded.

My first marriage was to L/Corporal Thomas Beardmore of Bank Street, Cheadle. It took place on 2 February 1939 at Cresswell Church. We lived in Whittington near the Lichfield barracks. Later we moved to Draycott. When Tom was killed in action I moved with my children back to The Quiet Woman.

Tom was R.S.M. No. 9 Commando. He was first mentioned in dispatches in 1937 in Palestine when he was presented with his Oak Leaf on the Mount Olive by General Wavell. His second mention was before he was killed between Anzio and Monte Casino in 1943.

My second marriage was to Company Sgt. Major Ken Beardmore who served with my first husband in Palestine and later received the North West Frontier Medal and the Burma Star.

I had to travel 7000 miles for this wedding with my three children. It took place at the Indian Military Academy in Dehra Dun, India in 1946.

What a terrific change from Tean! We had five servants who lived in their own accommodation in our grounds.

I remember the time when an aeroplane crashed on the houses over Tean Bridge and one house had to be demolished.

I wonder if anyone remembers the Graf Zeppelin R101 coming over Tean? I remember the teacher letting us kids out into the school yard to look at it.



Photo courtesy of Mrs. Ivy Shore (nee Farmer)

My name is Marjorie Mason (nee James). I was born in Back Lane, Tean, near the "Blacksmith's Arms". My mother Pearl James (nee Slater) was born in Tean. My father Rupert Henry James was born in Cheadle.

My mother was one of fifteen children. She told the story that at meal times she would slice the bread and before she could sit down had to start all over again. The first time she took Dad home to meet her parents, during tea time she had a gentle nudge under the table to indicate it was time he left.

My aunt Helena Slater had to go into Tean Hall Mill after school to help her father on a weaving loom. For this chore she received a penny a week.

We had many happy occasions and always looked forward to Tean Wakes. We'd have Rabbit Pie Suppers for the many visitors from outlying places. Dances were held at Tean School. We had a Social and Sports Club at Tean Mill.

Miss Taylor, the daughter of the Headmaster of Tean School, formed a choir on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of King George V and Queen Mary. We wore red, white and blue grass skirts, white blouses and huge rosettes on our blouses. These festivities were held at Tean School.

During the Second World War my father was Reserve Constable R899 in the Uttoxeter Division.



George Mason and Marjorie James
in their Tean Jazz Band uniforms as
designed by Marjorie who later married George

I started work in the sewing department at Tean Mill at the age of 14 years. My wage was 8/2 per week. (4lp. approximately) We received our wages fortnightly and after stoppages received 15/4 (79p. approximately) After 6½ years as apprentice machinists we were robbed of a certificate because the Second World War broke out. The apprentice course for machinists was for seven years.

I was mobile labour and had to work at Swynnerton and later at Rootes Securities on the Blenheim Bomber and the Beaufighter plane. I enjoyed this work.

I was a member of Tean Jazz Band. It was run by my father and Harold Moseley. I made the first uniforms for the band which were blue and gold with bell-bottom trousers and pill box hats. We attended lots of carnivals in the surrounding districts where we performed tableaux.

In one tableau the band members formed the shape of a ship with white sheeting wrapped round with blue portholes. Two funnels were erected with men puffing smoke furiously through them while the band played 'Rule Britannia'. For the second tableau we raised red sails while the band played 'Red Sails in the Sunset'. That day we came home with the Cup.

I had four brothers - George who died of T.B. Meningitis in 1951 aged 26 years; Robert who died in infancy; Rupert who died aged 2½ was a twin to my sister Mary. I have a brother Arthur James who lives in Derby. My sister Mary, married name Capewell, lives in Tean. Another sister Brenda died at birth. My father died in 1968 aged 75. My mother died fourteen months later in 1969. She was 76. My husband George died in 1973. I have two children and six grand children.



Constable Rupert James
War Reserve R899, Uttoxeter Division
25 July 1940



TOP ROW L to R

(1) Polly James (4) Majorie James
 (married name Mason)
Extreme right: Vicar's wife Mrs. Collier





TEAN MILL WORKERS

Top Row L to R

1. - Wilson 2. Mary Kirkland 3. Jessie Holmes
4. Mary Regan 5. Madge Kent 6. Ena Dale 7. ?

Third Row

1. ? 2. Nancy Farmer 3. ? 4. Nancy Middleton
5. Ethel Rowe 6. Winnie Lomas 7. ? 8. ? 9. Annie Matthews

Second Row

1. Jack Johnson 2. Gladys Fowell 3. Mabel Holmes
4. Mrs. James 5. Annie Perry 6. - Shenton
7. Mrs. Wilson 8. - Nutt 9. Gladys Brunt 10. Ern Johnson

Front Row

1. Gwen Shingler 2. Ena Shenton 3. ? 4. Lottie Sanders
5. Mrs. Barker 6. ? 7. ? 8. ? 9. Joyce Wright

Photo courtesy of Ivy Brunt

My name is John (Jack) Brunt. I was born in Tean in 1920 in a cottage which used to join on to The Blacksmith's Arms public house. My father was William Charles Brunt and my mother Lydia Ann Brunt, nee Bamford. My maternal grandparents were John Bamford and Lydia. Their children were Harry, Lydia Ann and Ann.

My greatgrandfather was Smacky Middleton. He left school at 9 years of age. He was a self-educated man and was so clever that folk used to tell him he should have been a lawyer. He was a boot maker and fetched his own leather from Stone on foot. To get to Stone he had to walk up the public footpath by Martha Ford Lane - this path led to Stone. He would walk back with all the leather slung over his shoulder. When he made boots he made them to last almost a lifetime. Smacky was 89 years old when he died. His father before him was also a boot maker.

I was called up to fight in the Second World War. On my first leave before embarkation I got married on the 12 September 1942 and my wife didn't see me for 3½ years. I fought with the 14th Army in Burma and Assam and was demobbed in November 1946.

Down the Uttoxeter Road, nearing Hall Green, on the left is a little public footpath called Watery Lane. Tramps used to stop here for a drum (a brew-up). This was a common sight.



Four Generations of Middletons

L to R:

Mrs. Lydia Bamford
(daughter)

Young Jack Brunt
(great-grandson)

Lydia Brunt (grand-daughter)
Thomas Middleton

Seated:

Photo courtesy of Ivy Brunt

I used to go as a lad to a farm for a jug of what my Grandmother Bamford used to call "beestings" - a jug of very rich milk. The farm was owned by a Mr. Frost. I don't know whether it was called Midway Farm in those days. Raymond Woolridge lives there now.

My grandparents' house was near to Dick Bradbury's smithy, though I can't remember having a great deal to do with him. One thing sticks out in my mind is how he used to go into Hylde Bentley's shop near his smithy on the Uttoxeter Road and stand up for ages fast asleep.

My other grandparents - my father's mother and father - were John Brunt and Mary Adelaide Louisa Brunt (nee Nutt).

Grandfather Brunt worked at The New Haden pit and couldn't smoke his pipe there so he and his fellow workers used to hide their tobacco under stones along the route to work so that at different parts of the walk there was always a bit of tobacco to be had.

I can recall as a boy standing outside my Grandmother Brunt's house in New Road watching a hurdy-gurdy man playing the organ and the antics of his monkey. Mrs. Barrs was listening from the bedroom window. The monkey spotted her and ran and scaled up the drain pipe to her for a tit-bit.

My mother Lydia Ann Brunt, nee Bamford, used to keep a fish shop in Tean and I sometimes had to go up to the Tean railway station to collect the fish for her.

I remember Grandfather Brunt saying to me, very often, I suppose to amuse a small lad - "Rum Tum Tardyum, goo fetch thee fayther wom".

Shades of 'Last of the Summer Wine' |



MEN ON TEAN BRIDGE

Mr. Faulkner Bill Perry Mr. Gregory ? Jack Brunt |



A very old view of Riverside, Tean |

I once went up to the top storey of Tean Hall, the 16th century building in the High Street and there covered in dust were all the musical instruments once used by the Tean bandsmen.

There were lovely trees and gardens at the back of this building and they ran almost to the bottom of Hall Yard, the trees must have been extremely old as a lot of them were box, and box is very slow at growing.

I am a joiner by trade and my apprenticeship was 5s.0d. a week for the first twelve months. The second year 7s.6d., third year 12s.0d. a week, fourth year 16s.0d. a week and fifth year £1.1s.0d. a week. You could buy a pair of shoes for 15s.0d. - I used to buy mine from Hawley's shoe shop in Back Lane, now called St. Thomas Road.

The sewing room which was at the bottom of the canteen part of Tean Mill was built by Beddows and O'Dair about 1935. I worked on that job as an apprentice.

I was a Server with Father Alexander at Christ Church. Every year he invited the Servers to the Vicarage for a treat of sardines on toast. This was in the 20's and for us it was a nice treat. Father Alexander died in the vestry after celebrating Holy Communion. It had always been his wish to die there. He was buried with his Chalice clasped in his hands.

After my marriage I moved to Uttoxeter where I still live.

My name is Harold Lovatt; I was born in 1922.

My parents were John (Jack) Lovatt and Hylde Lovatt, nee Blood.

I married Betty Darlington in 1944, we have a daughter Josephine.

At one time we lived in one of the "White Hart" cottages. In one of these cottages years ago lived an old lady by the name of Fanny Marsh. My wife remembers how the old lady used to cure warts by saying something over them. She wore a man's cap as she had been scalped by the machinery while working at Tean Mill many years ago.

My grandfather Lewis Blood, born 1848, was a stone mason and had his business in the Uttoxeter Road. Some of his work can be seen in the form of gravestones in Christ Church churchyard on the left as you go in through the main gates.

Lewis Blood married Hannah Shingler, who was born in 1852. They had eight children - Robert Blood went to work in Tean Mill, Samuel went on to be foreman bricklayer, Elizabeth kept a working mens club in Longton, Thomas was a stone mason with his father, Arthur went into engineering, Minnie Blood worked in the mill, Hylde was a lapper in Tean Mill and Annie Blood kept the "Roe Buck" in Tean. The Bloods family lived in Hall Meadow, Tean.



Harold Lovatt



Betty Darlington
(married name Lovatt)

His father, also named John Lovatt, was a shoe maker in a small cottage in Draycott Road, Tean. He had one son Edward Lovatt who followed his father in the shoe business. His shop was in Tean High Street.

My grandfather John Lovatt married for a second time and had five children - a daughter Kate Lovatt married a Kirkland, John (Jack) was my father, Arthur was a weaver at Tean Mill, Jinny married Joe Bostock and went to live on a small-holding at "Egypt", Checkley, William Lovatt went into the shoe business and Sarah Ann kept the "Cross Keys", Tean.

I am a descendant of the famous Lieutenant Blood, distinguished war hero. He was born in 1775 on 18 April at Cheadle. He enlisted in the Regiment at the age of 18 years and never left it, having risen through all the intermediate graduations to the rank of Lieutenant solely by his excellent conduct and extraordinary merit. He distinguished himself at Talarera, Busaco, Fuentesororo, Salamanca, the Pyrenees and Toulouse.

Testimonials came from Sir Ponsonby, Lord Combermere, Col. R. Arnold, 16th Lancers and the Duke of York. He had "Blood's Row" built in Tean and lived at the end. This row of houses is the first you come to after the "Cross Keys" going in the direction of Cheadle. His house was the larger one at the top going towards Cheadle.

My father John Lovatt (Jack) kept the pub "The Blacksmith's Arms" in the 1940's. He founded the Tean Carnivals in the 1920's/1930's the proceeds of which went to hospitals and the needy. Jack delivered a milk round many years ago for George Hawley who had farm land in Back Lane, now St. Thomas' Road.

Lewis Blood, stone mason, was also responsible for stone work inside Christ Church.

Lieutenant Tom Blood has an unusual tombstone in the closed part of Cheadle Cemetary, near the Terrace. He died on 20 June 1840 at Tean, aged 65 years.



Lewis Blood's stone mason business was run
from the house on the right
with the sign on the wall

Photo courtesy of Mrs. Ivy Shore (nee Farmer)



The Blacksmith's Arms, Hollington Road, Tean.
Next door to Blacksmith's and opposite The Quiet
Woman.

Photo courtesy of Mrs. Ivy Shore (nee Farmer)



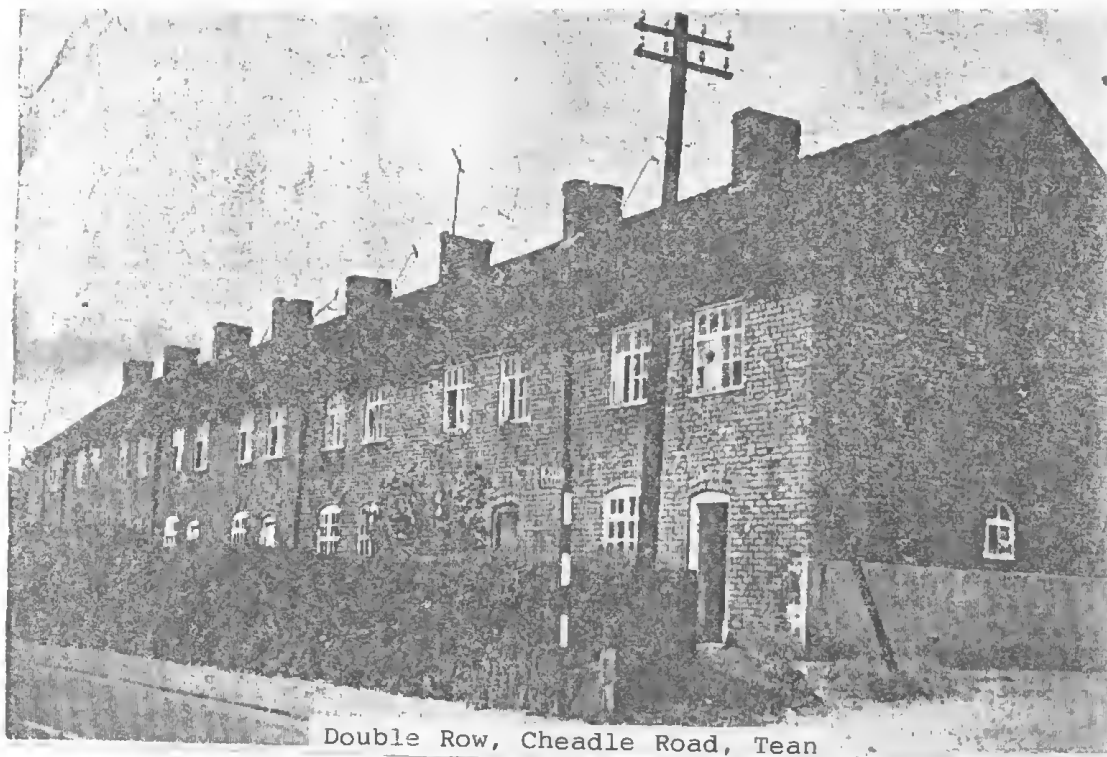
Old folks' party at Oakhill with 79.
Col. and Mrs. H. Philips

My name is Bernard Shingler. We lived at Double Row, Tean.

Double Row evokes many memories, of the building and the people who lived there. My family went to live there in 1927 when I was seven years old and I lived there until I was 26 when I left to get married. In the twenties and thirties we used to play top and whip in the main Cheadle Road; we could go for two hours and not see a car. My father was awarded the Military Medal for bravery at the battle of the Somme in 1916. He climbed out of his trench and ran 100 yards into "No Man's Land" under heavy machine gun fire and enemy shelling to carry his officer back to the trench. The officer was badly wounded. When I asked my father why he risked his life he said the officer was one of the finest men he ever met.

My father was Leslie Shingler. He joined the army at the end of August 1914 and was sent to the Leicestershire Regiment and within six weeks was in the trenches. When he managed to get home on leave a concert was organised and he was presented with £27 which had been collected. This was a lot of money in those days.

I believe Double Row was built in the early 19th Century as a tape weaving mill. It had two stories - the weaving looms were on one floor and the weavers lived on the other.



Double Row, Cheadle Road, Tean

Newspaper cutting courtesy of Mrs. Ivy Shore
(nee Farmer) and by kind permission of the
Times and Echo.

There were some odd people in Double Row. One thing they had in common was poverty. I remember the people in the top flats had no coal houses so coal had to be carried in buckets up a flight of steps, through a small kitchen, through the living room, through a bedroom, up another flight of stairs to an attic where it was stored. Some of the men worked in the coal mines and had coal delivered by horse and cart, a ton at a time. The coal was tipped up at the foot of the steps. You can imagine what it was like carrying a ton of coal, two buckets at a time, up two flights of stairs and through three rooms - quite a task. One fellow I remember who worked in the coal mine at Cheadle was a strange sort of chap with a similar sort of wife. This fellow never went drinking but saved his money and often used to hide it in the strangest places. I remember once he hid a £1 note in the coal. One day he went to the attic to recover it. When he came down about ten minutes later, all dirty and black, he said to his wife, "They's had it". "What have I had?" she asked, not knowing what he was talking about. "They know'st", he said. "What have I had you damn fool?" she asked. "They know'st", he said again whereupon she picked up the poker and hit him over the head. "Now they'st had it", she said. What had probably happened was that she had shovelled the £1 note up and thrown it on the fire with the coal.

There were some real characters living in Double Row; I remember one old fellow coming and asking my mother to come and take a look at his wife who he said didn't seem very well. My mother came back a few minutes later and started to laugh. When I asked her why she said the lady was dead.

It's a real shame that Double Row was knocked down. It should have been kept as part of Tean's heritage.

Times were hard in those days. We used to get up at 4.30 in the morning and set out to walk to New Haden Colliery about 3 miles away at 5 a.m. In the winter we worked full time but in the summer we often walked to the mine and only worked one day out of five.

That meant walking 30 miles, working one day and all for half-a-crown; that is 12½ pence in today's money. We'd walk to the mine and if no orders came in we were sent back home. Half-a-crown per day was the pay for a fifteen year old down the mine.

In the 1920's and early 1930's there were six public houses in Tean. One was at the bottom of Draycott Road called The Roe Buck. It is now an off-licence opposite the Heron Garage. There were two pubs in the High street, The White Hart and The Black's Head, both of which are still there. There was a pub at the bottom of Hollington Road by the junction with St. Thomas's Road; this was The Blacksmith's Arms. It is now knocked down. Then a little way up Gorsty Hill was the Gardener's Arms. It is still standing but alas it is no longer a public house. The last pub was The Cross Keys in Cheadle Road. In those days it was kept by a man called Joby Barnes. A pint of beer was 5d., old money of course. Then Woodbines were 4d. and a box of matches 1d. So for 2/6d. (or 12½p) you could get 5 pints, a packet of fags and matches to light them with. My father never said he was going to The Cross Keys. He always said, "I'm just popping across to Joby's for a pint."

In those days there was no Catholic Church in Tean. Services were held in the old school in Back Lane, now called St. Thomas's Road. The Priest used to cycle from Cresswell every week. His name was the Rev. Timothy Purcell. He was Irish. But in either 1930 or 1931 he had a terrible accident; he got out of bed and had an epileptic fit. He fell on an oil stove and died later the same day of his terrible burns.

The new Priest was Father Raymond Walsh and he soon set about getting a new Church built and the first sod was cut by the then oldest parishioner, a Mr. Jim Perry. That was in 1937. Mr. Perry, a bachelor, lived on what Tean people call The Island with his brother George, also a bachelor. They were good Catholics. The Church was completed in 1938 and was opened by the new Auxillary Bishop of Birmingham, the Very Rev. Bernard Griffin.

This was the first new church opened by the new Bishop. It is interesting to note that Bishop Griffin later became Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, head of the Catholic Church in England.



Father Raymond Walsh who was instrumental in having St. Thomas' Catholic Church built



Cheadle Road, Tean. Double Row on the left



Gorsty Hill, Tean

DOUBLE ROW, TEAN WILL SOON BE DEMOLISHED

31-1-66

Losing a link with the past

In the near future, the demolition of Double Row, Tean will be effected and the district will lose one of the most interesting pieces of industrial archaeology of the textile trade.

The Row has been described as unique in that it is believed to be the only remaining example of transition architecture between domestic and factory industry of its kind in the country.

The tape industry had been an important economic factor in the life of the Cheadle area before Double Row was built and since 1747, when the Philips brothers brought over the Dutchman, Jan Van Sanfort, to instruct local craftsmen in the making and using of his improved looms, the craft had become a staple industry for Tean, Cheadle and Kingsley. The workers, tape weavers, had their looms (the property of the Philips brothers) in their own homes and operated in the comparatively easy going

conditions of the Domestic system.

The experiment with the building of Double Row in 1792 was the next step towards the Factory system for the industry in this district, bringing together a closely knit community both living and working in the same dwelling with easy access for the owner.

Inspection of the building today makes it difficult to say which would be the working and the living quarters. In recent years, eight families have been occupying the first floor and six the ground floor, yet it was generally assumed that a family having living quarters on the first floor would have the loom room just below on the ground floor or vice versa.

The ground floor has undergone some considerable alterations as both front and back doors appear to have been rebuilt in a narrower pattern and eight doorways at the rear of the ground floor have been blocked off with the insertion of a small window looking into what has become the pantry.

The eight first floor dwellings have attics furnished with small dormer window and opening into a long, very low tunnel-like passage which runs under the rear eaves for the full length of the building.

By the turn of the century Philips were paying rates at Kingsley for a "Tape Factory" and one of their employees, Wm Stevenson, who had charge of six Philips looms, was rated for "Stevenson's Tape Shop," but these were hand loom factories and had not the dual and transitional character of Double Row.

From 1824 onwards the Row has been used as dwellings since the firm had acquired Tean Hall and turned to full scale factory working calling in all hand looms from the nearby villages and moving where possible for the use of the new steam power, and occupants of Double Row had to submit to the dictates of the bell in the turret which still overlooks the main street.

Newspaper cutting courtesy of

Mrs. Ivy Shore (nee Farmer)

and by kind permission of the

Times and Echo.

My name is Jack Griffin. I was born in Budleigh, Devon.

My parents were Gordon and Ada Griffin (nee Slater). My father was born in Devon and my mother was born in the old house at No. 4 High Street, Tean. The family returned to Tean in 1916 after the death of my father in the First World War.

I remember going to Tean Infants School. There was a Maypole and we spent many happy hours dancing round it. I went to Tean School until I was 14 years old.

We played football and cricket on the Recreation Ground. We used to play marbles on the footpath outside the Mill Gates.

During the summer we had several outings - one on the first Thursday in August to Trentham Park and one to Rhyl in an old charabanc owned by Harry Shenton. I don't think the charabanc could do more than 30 m.p.h. and it used to take us half a day to get to Rhyl.

About the middle of September there used to be the Wakes on the Recreation Ground. The fun fair was owned by John Beech and Sam Otter. A big steam engine supplied the electricity to drive the hobby horses, the chair-a-planes and the lighting for the stalls.

Big changes have taken place in Tean since I left school. There used to be open fields at the back of the Tean Schools. Those fields are now covered by houses - the Comsen Estate and Vicarage Crescent.



Ted Moults shoe shop, circa 1954



HALT IN TEAN ROAD SCHEME

Mr. Moults is Sitting Tight!

Progress has ceased on the High-street, Uttoxeter-road improvement scheme at Tean, for County Council workmen have come to the shoe-mender's shop of Mr. E. B. Moults.

He is the only person still in occupation in the houses that have to come down, to make way for the road improvements.

There he works at his last, repairing shoes and boots for his numerous customers, seemingly unperturbed by the demolitions all around his shop.

Though he has been served with notice to quit, Mr. Moults is sitting tight, so that a halt has had to be called in the work of demolition—at least for the time being.

The picture at the top shows the shoe-mender's shop on the street corner, now in splendid isolation. On the left, Mr. Moults, all smiles, is at work at his last.



Tean, early 1900's
90.

There were no houses up Hollington Road or the Parklands. At the other end of Tean there were grand open spaces on Oak Hill, the Coplow Estate and along Riverside Road and Meadow Way.

At one time the old Tean Cricket Club had its ground on the Bent House Field owned by Mr. Mottram. There used to be quite a nice tennis court on a field at Oak Hill.

The street lighting in Tean used to be very poor with just a few gas lamps. The gas for the lamps came from the gasometer at the old Tean Mill. During the dark winter nights Alfred Byatt used to go round the village lighting the gas lamps. The same man used to go round on Sunday mornings selling the Sunday papers. He'd pick them up early in the morning from Tean Railway Station at Totmanslow where they'd been dropped from a train going to Cheadle. Mr. Byatt walked there and back.

I remember the bus service from Cheadle, Tean and Longton was run by a firm called Slaters. The buses had wooden seats lengthwise down the bus. It wasn't a very comfortable ride. There used to be another bus owned by a Mr. Bob James running from Tean to Cheadle and the fare was 4d. return.

Times were bad in the Twenties and Thirties. The weavers and warpers at the Tean Mill worked one week and signed on the dole the next week - one week on and one week off. They walked all the way to Cheadle to sign on at a shop called Peppers in the High Street.

On the opposite side of the road was a hardware shop owned by Mrs. Johnson. Later on it was owned by Ernest Bostock, painter and decorator.

There was a little shop facing the Recreation Ground owned by a Mr. Shenton who sold cakes and bread. Further up the street was a confectionery and bakery shop owned by Morton Hobson.

Adjoining the White Hart pub in Old Road was a butcher's shop and slaughter house owned by Mr. J.O. Johnson.

At the top of Uttoxeter Road was a grocery and clothing shop owned by Charlie Farmer. Further down was a sweet shop run by Mrs. Martin.

Other shops in Tean village were J. Wilcock's chip and fish shop, Fred Davenport's cycle shop, Mr. Lovatt's shoe repair shop, Mr. & Mrs. Kirkland's sweet shop, Joe Cope, butcher, Mr. & Mrs. Harry Bassett's clothing shop, H. Heath's fruit and sweet shop, the Village Post Office run by Miss Steele and a sweet shop run by Mrs. Faulkner.

In what is now the Co-op stores used to be the Temperance Room Building where men used to play snooker and billiards. Next to that was a fruit and vegetable shop run by Mr. A. Hill.

At the corner shop by the turning was T. Moulton, shoe repairer. Further along the street was a butcher's shop owned by John Heath. On the main street was D. McGarry, baker of bread, cakes and ginger bread.

The weavers, warpers and winders at the Tape Mill got very poor wages. When they retired at the age of 70 they only got 2/6d. a week pension.

The village policeman was 'Bobby' James. The school teachers I remember were Frank Taylor, John Bell, Mr. Holliwell, Miss Hurd, Miss B. Smith, Mrs. D. Johnson and Miss P. Collier.

The clergy were Rev. H. Alexander, Church of England, Rev. Father Scott and Purcell, Roman Catholic and Rev. Charsworth, Wesleyan Methodist.



The new Roe Buck Inn, Draycott Road
Tea Mill in the background

Photo courtesy of Mrs. Ivy Shore (nee Farmer)

I remember an old farmer, George Downes of Highfield Farm, Tean who used to visit the Roe Buck Inn - now an off-licence opposite the Heron garage. He came from the farm in a horse and float at about 7 p.m. and left the horse and float in the pub yard while he went into the pub to get a drink. At pub closing time Mr. Downes was so drunk he couldn't drive his horse and float so the customers at the Roe Buck used to load him into the float, take the horse to the beginning of Riverside Road and the horse used to take him home via Martha Ford Lane.

Some of the other pubs in Tean were The White Hart, run by Mrs. Goodall, The Black's Head by Mrs. G. Hambleton and a Mrs. Hewitt, The Blacksmith's Arms by Mr. C. Perkins, The Gardener's Arms by Mr. S. Johnson and finally The Cross Keys in Cheadle Road. I cannot remember the name of the publican who ran it.

There was a little shop in a garden in Draycott Road owned by Mr. G. Sims. A Mr. F. Shaw used to do shoe repairs in a little room at the side of Mr. Sim's house. Many a time in winter the shop was run into and damaged by motor cars and lorries coming down the Draycott Road into Tean.

Further down the road there was a shop owned by Betty Fletcher. When she died Jim McGarry took it over. Mr. McGarry's wife was District Nurse for the area.

Next to this shop was a timber yard and workshops owned by Mr. A. Nicklin. Mr. Nicklin used to shoe horses for the farmers in Tean. My first ride in a motor car was in 1922 in a car owned by Mr. Nicklin.

My name is Mary Darlington, nee Coates. I was born on 17 December 1928 at a cottage in Bulls Yard, New Road, Tean. I have one sister Frances Alderson, a brother Vincent, a brother James, Billy who was killed in action, another was Charlie and Sidney who died when he was 18 years old.

My parents were Daniel Coates and Fanny Coates, nee Wilson. I can't recall the dates of birth. Mother's was near 1890 in Tean. Dad was born in Cheadle. My father's mother was Irish. My grandfather on mother's side was a builder and it was said that he dug out a pond up at Heath House.

My mother worked at Rocester with Annie Johnson where they had lodgings. At weekends they'd walk from Rocester to their homes in Tean.

My mother and Annie liked a bit of fun and one night they dressed up as men and walked into the Roebuck Inn. It is now the Roebuck Off-Licence opposite the Texaco Filling Station.

My father used to cycle from Tean to Moddershall to pick watercress which he sold in Tean at 2d. a bunch.

After church on Sundays my father used to take us for a walk and he would roll pennies along the lane for us to pick up and keep.

During the war my mother took in washing. She did washing for Mrs. Hambleton who kept the Black's Head in Tean. Sometimes Mrs. Hambleton would send us a plate of cakes. My mother's washday was on Mondays, washing as women did with dolly-tub, mangle, blue bag and starch.



Mary Darlington's parents,
Daniel and Fanny Coates



Mary (nee Coates) and Reg Darlington

During the war she saved coupons from tea packets which were used to buy our Christmas presents. We had presents like apples, oranges, a few nuts, a tin pram, a pitcher doll.

For a bet my Grandmother Wilson was dared to sit in the cellar of a house called High Fields up Martha Ford Lane. It was said that on occasions the ghost of Martha Ford appeared in the cellar at midnight. My grandmother stayed one night and won the bet as Martha never appeared.

I went to the Roman Catholic school in Back Lane, now called St. Thomas's Road. The teachers were Miss Grace and Miss Howe. Father Walsh was priest at this time. We had to go to church twice on Sundays. There was an open fire in winter and we were allowed to pull our chairs up to it for reading.

During the Second World War I remember having to go to the Tean Mill canteen to try on gas masks and be issued with identity cards.

Like everyone else my mother had ration books. We were allowed 2 oz. of groceries - 2 oz. per item. Fresh eggs were scarce. We had to have dried ones. We also had dried apples. Oranges, bananas and grapefruits were out of the question. The only cigarettes were called 'Pasha'. If we couldn't get stockings we would colour our legs and draw a darker line up the backs to look like a seam. We made our eye lashes thicker and spikier by putting sugar water on them. Unfortunately when we sat in a warm cinema it used to melt and run down our cheeks.

There was once a public house in Lower Tean I'm told called the Wheatsheaf. It was later converted into cottages in one of which lived an old man on his own. He'd been married many times. There were drab tattered lace curtains up at the window and his only light was from a candle on the table or the light from the old range. You could see him sitting there with a pint glass in his hand. He never saw us. I think that the contents of the pint glass saw to that.

A character by the name of Fanny Peach used to come into Tean from Great Gate. She wore boots, a little felt hat and smoked a clay pipe. She also played the accordion. I think her one up and down cottage was called Bee Hive Cottage.

I remember moving into the new houses along Vicarage Road next to the Greatwood School. I think that was in the 1930's. Near to our house were search lights and an army camp.

When I left school I went to work in the sewing room at Tean Mill. We were paid fifteen shillings a fortnight and I had to hand that over to my parents. They gave me half-a-crown a fortnight for myself. Out of this I treated my father to ten Woodbines and my mother to a quarter of cheese.

I married Reg Darlington and had four children. We spent the early years of our married life in a tied cottage by Hall Green. It belonged to Frank Vernon. It was a very old cottage and was once a bakery I believe, because it had a big brick oven. The stairs were not wooden but brick and when visiting us the local doctor - Dr. Colin Wilson - used to come down them backwards.

Opposite page

Pupils of Tean School -
Can you identify anyone?



My husband Reg worked for Frank Vernon on his farm. I will never forget when Reg had to go into hospital and a girl friend of mine came down to keep me company. It was winter and the nights were dark. The chimney was smoking badly and we could hardly see across the room. The dog was running loose in the garden and barking madly. We heard footsteps come shuffling up to the back door followed by the frantic barking of the dog. The back door opened and we could hardly see the figure that emerged. It was like a London fog in the room. As it came nearer we recognized him as Rector Ralph Phillips. We had to apologise for the smoke and the dog. I bet he wished he'd stayed at home that night. No doubt he'd walked all the way from Checkley to visit. He was in the habit of walking in the middle of the road, thumbing lifts from lorry drivers. They all knew him. He was a nice gentleman.

A little way up the road from me lived two spinster sisters, one of them at one time collected insurance on a sit-up-and-beg cycle. They looked like something from a bygone age and used to trudge all over the village selling pears and apples at 2d. a pound.

Harry Bassett's shop sold almost everything, especially toys. One Christmas I saw in his window a child's tin tea-set which was only 1/6d. It took me some time to save up for it for my sister Frances as a Christmas present from me to her.

I can remember there being two Italian prisoners of war in Lower Tean; they worked on farms in that area.

These were happy days. I wish we could turn the clock back.

My name is Gerald Moseley. My father's name was Harold William Moseley. He was born in Tean in 1898. My mother's name was Ruth Shufflebotham. She was born at Hollington in 1900. Father married my mother in the 1920's. There were five children in our family - Joyce, John, myself (Gerald), Margaret and Ronald. We came to live in Tean from Freehay in about 1930. We all went to the Roman Catholic School in Back Lane, now called St. Thomas Road. The teachers I remember were Miss Howe and the Headmistress was Miss Grace.

My father worked as a builder's labourer with Beddows and O'Dair. We lived in a house which was in the High Street by the side of the Co-op, up a yard there. What our house must have been in it's time we never knew but sometimes we got mail addressed to 'The Malt House'. Up the yard there was once a bakery.

My father was a bit of an entertainer in his spare time. He had quite a repertoire. He played an accordian. He also played bottles at the Tean canteen concerts. He had a wooden frame and on it he hung bottles at different lengths and got a tune out of these by hitting them with a wooden hammer. Another act was to sit in front of an old radio on stage, twiddling the knob as if to get different wave lengths so that one station would run into another with comical results. Behind the stage curtains two people were doing the dialogue and sounded just as if it was coming from the radio. It was hilarious. He also told jokes. I remember he once did a concert at Freehay.

In some of the Tean concerts you sometimes had Lizzie Shaw, Doris Parnal, to mention a few. There was tap dancing, singers and a bit of acting.

My father was in a jazz band when I was small but I'm afraid I can't remember much about it. He also did concerts for the little New Road Chapel.

I remember the Wakes at Tean every September. There was roll-a-penny, coconut shys, jungle speedway, swing boats. Davies was the name of the owners of the travelling fair.

Up our yard by the Co-op a Mr. Fred Lomas kept his horse and cart. He thought a lot of his horse. He used the horse and cart to sell his fruit and vegetables. You could hear him coming in his clogs.

At the top of Hall Yard was a library.

In 1947 I can remember the High Street being full of folk and P.C. Parnal directing the traffic while a Drum and Fife Band came through.

The Co-op had a dining room on the first floor; I can't remember whether it was for the Tean Mill workers or not. The second floor of the Co-op was a reading room.

I remember shops being kept by such folks as Ambrose Hill, who kept the shop which is now Pat McGarry's. A Mrs. Charlesworth kept a little shop at the bottom of Gorsty Hill. The shop which is now a Spar shop used to be a paint shop. Farmers kept Bon Marche shop at the junction of Hollington Road and Uttoxeter Road.



Maria Ash's shop, New Road, Tean |



Mr. Shenton, in white apron, standing
outside his shop in New Road, Tean, early 1900's.

Mr. Sims kept a shoe shop up the Draycott Road and Hobsons kept a shop where the Cowlshaw and Mountfords solicitors office is. You had Freddie Davenport's shop, which sold hardware, cycles and also charged wireless batteries. There's a butcher's shop now where Herbert Heath's fruit shop used to be. Along the High Street, where Terry's bakers shop now stands, there used to be a hairdresser's shop kept by a Hilda Horobin. Hilda was good at doing the Marcel Wave; someone told me that this was in the 1920's or 1930's.

I remember how folk used to go swimming down at the mill pond - known by Tean folk as the 'Hoss Hole'.



Edmund Sims, Tinsmith and Postman, who lived at the bottom of Gorsty Hill Road, Tean. He was the father of Fred, Dot and Bernard Sims and grandfather of Fred, Isaac, Miriam, also Dorothy and Edmund Johnson and Evelyn and Bernard Sims.

My name is Fred Faulkner. My grandparents Marion and Robert Faulkner lived at 15 The Island. They had two sons - Fred, my Dad, and James. My father served in a cavalry regiment in the First World War.

My grandparents bought 15 The Island from J. and N. Philips who owned Tean Mill and Croft Mill. Tape was manufactured at Tean Mill and dyed at Croft Mill. Grandad worked at the Croft and Grandmother at Tean Mill (over 120 years between them). I used to stay with them at weekends.

Next door lived Mr. and Mrs. Bentley with their daughter Nellie and son Wilf. Nellie is the only one left.

There was Mr. Dick Martin and family; I remember he used to sit outside smoking his pipe. Next door lived the Perry family. Florrie, Alf and George another brother. I can remember going to sit with them on a Saturday night, they always had a big fire.

Mary Ann Warner and Hilda Tabbenor lived opposite. I would be 9 or 10 years old and really thought it funny how Hilda would stand in their garden grumbling and wringing her hands. She used to roll a black stone, sometimes a match stick between her fingers. When she was annoyed, or in a bad temper, she called me Freddie Forter and also a number of other things. Grandma always knew when I had been teasing Hilda and would tell me not to be naughty. Then grandad would take me with him gathering sticks. It all seems so unreal now. Grandma did quite a lot of washing; I used to fill the furnace and make the fire underneath to get the water hot. It was dolly pegs and tub and really hard work, but grandma always had a smile and twinkling eyes.



A photo of Fred Faulkner (aged about 10)



Marion and Bobbie Faulkner (Grandma's pet name for grandad)



Marion and Robert Faulkner
outside their house, 15 The Island, Tean.
Fred Faulkner says it is the oldest house
in the village.

Note the wooden beams down the gable end.
There used to be an old gas lamp
to the side of the house.

I remember there was a cast iron pump in the
Square near the hedge of the gardens with a
stone trough. This at one time served all
The Island with their drinking water.

Another character named Frankie Wilson lived
on Riverside next door to Richie Smith and
his mum. When anyone asked Frankie how he
was he always replied, "Now't but what a drop
of rum would'na put right". He wore little
round spectacles on the end of his nose.

My name is Michael Alec Brunt. I was born at Prospect Villa, Woodsyard, Tean on 18 October 1933.

My father Clarence Brunt was a colliery worker at New Haden. My mother Catherine Brunt, nee Willets, was a maid at Heath House and later a textile worker at Tean Mill. My father served with the Desert Rats in the Second World War. After the War he went into the building trade.

My grandparents were John Brunt and Mary Adelaide Louisa Brunt, nee Nutt.

When I was a small boy I remember a Mr. Emery coming round the village selling ice cream from a horse and cart. I remember he had only one eye.

There was a party held at Greatwood School to commemorate a Royal Jubilee. A big pudding was boiled in a copper in an outhouse at the side of the school. Christmas 1939 I remember our teacher Mary (Polly) Collier putting a big Christmas tree up. She hung presents on it for us pupils. One of the gifts was a cap gun. How I wished I could have it. I wandered about the playground hoping I would get it. When the presents were given out, lo and behold I got it!

There was a hurdy-gurdy man used to come round. We found him very entertaining. There was a man who played the bag-pipes. The placard on his bicycle said, "Wild Boy".



Mary Adelaide Louise Brunt,
little girl Sarah Brunt (married name Steele)
the old gentleman is either my father's
grandfather or Uncle Walter

Photo courtesy of Ivy Brunt

While still a lad I used to go with my cousins, Alan and Mitch Brunt to Dick Bradbury's, the village blacksmith. We used to pump the bellows. During the First World War Dick Bradbury it seems was a first class blacksmith.

During the Second World War there were some search-lights along Lovers' Lane - now Vicarage Road and Crescent. A few of us used to go and sit with some of the men looking after the search-lights. Sometimes we were treated to a bowl of rice pudding.

Myself and my pals used to watch the Home Guard do bayonet practice. We'd try to copy them with a dinner knife tied to a stick. Our parents were always short of knives.

When the Home Guard went marching we children marched behind them - all the way to Cheadle.

At school for air raid practice we had to come out of the school building and hide under the hedges of Lovers' Lane.

We had evacuees at the school.

I can remember a man by the name of Jack Prince coming from Goldhurst in his horse and cart for a drink at The Blacksmith's Arms. He'd get us to mind his horse and cart while he was inside. He would bring out a glass of lemonade and a threepenny-bit for us.

Many years ago I am told they used to drive cattle along the Uttoxeter road. One day a bull left the herd and charged through the half open door of 77 - next door to where I now live. It did a bit of damage. It stood on the sofa and broke a mirror and scared the two residents half to death.



Back Row TEAN METHODIST MEN
L to R
Will Johnson Tom Middleton Arthur Nutt
Jack Johnson (Will's son)(kneeling)
Front Row
Will Rowe Ted Barker Tom Holmes

Photo courtesy of Ivy Brunt

During the Second World War Doris Sims (nee Johnson) used to play a portable organ on the bandstand at the Recreation Ground. There used to be community singing to boost our morale.

I married Josephine Mosedale. We have two children, Deborah and Rachel.



Wesleyan outing to Woodhead Hall Cheadle

Photo courtesy of Mrs. Ivy Shore (nee Farmer)

William Shepherd Allen M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyme lived at Woodhead Hall. Once a year the Allens gave Sunday School treats for the Cheadle Churches. Another day it would be the turn for folk from Chapels in the Cheadle Circuit. Hilda Golightly remembers going there.

My name is Ivy Brunt. I was born on 1 February 1941 at Woodsyrd, Tean.

Four generations of the Brunt family have lived in Tean. My father was John Clarence Brunt, born on 1 July 1909 at Rose Cottage, New Road, Tean. Dad had two sisters, Gladys Mary and Sarah Elizabeth and one brother, William Charles - all born at Rose Cottage. My grandfather John Brunt was born in 1874. He was known as "Knocker" as he took it upon himself to knock his fellow pit-men up for work at the Dilhorne Open-Cast Mine. They left out clothes line wooden props for him to use to tap on their bedroom windows. They weren't allowed to smoke their pipes at the mine for fear of explosion so along the route to work they used to leave tobacco under hedges and stones so they could have a smoke on the way home from work.

Dad told me - and I remember this - that my grandfather was the last man in Tean to wear a bowler hat and the last man to have electricity installed in his house. When someone asked my grandfather if he would fancy going up in an aeroplane his reply was, "Yes, if I can keep one foot on the ground." Flying was still in its infancy.

My grandmother, Mary Adelaide Louisa Brunt, nee Nutt, originated from a place called "Little Egypt" by Goldhurst, Tean. She was born in 1867. She minded peoples' children for them. I'm told by folk who knew her that she was a good lady and a good mother. During the Tean Wakes she had all the relatives in for supper. Dad said there was always someone in their cottage pouring out their troubles to her.



Hollington Road with Prospect House
and Prospect Villa with steps and porch.
Woodsyard is the building next to Prospect Villa.



Gladys Brunt (behind)
Mary Adelaide Louisa Brunt John Brunt (Knocker)
114.

My uncle, Dad's brother, William Charles Brunt was born in 1895. He used to buy gramophone records for 6d. from a shop at Mobberly. His favourite record was "Kathleen Mavoureen". He had an unruly dog. He once chained it to the range and it pulled the cast iron door off.

Sarah Brunt one of Dad's sisters went to work at Tean Mill at the age of 14. She was a very good dancer. When they had dances at Tean School she taught a lot of people to dance. Sarah married James Steele, a miner. He travelled to work on a motorcycle and always waved to her and their baby son Eric as he left their house in Woodsynd. One day he waved goodbye and she never saw him alive again. A truck in the mine ran over him and he was killed. He was only a young man.

Dad's other sister Gladys Mary Brunt was very musical and played the organ. She was also artistic. She worked at Tean Mill, as did most women in the village. She went on to become forewoman in the warping department and was there until 1957.

It is said that mothers who worked at the mill and who were still suckling their babies had their babies brought to them at Tean Mill. The mothers would go to a front room at the mill where the babies were passed through a special wooden opening so that they could breast-feed them. Stories abound about the babies having to be breast-fed with the mothers on one side of the wood contraption with the babies and the child-minders on the other. The mind boggles at the mechanics involved in such a system.

My father Clarence Brunt worked at the pit in his younger days. He talked about his friends from those days - Albie Barrs, Freddy Molley, Claude or Stan Rowe.

They used to play a strange game. Between my father's home and Mrs. Horobin's shop was a narrow passageway. The game was to reach the ceiling of the passageway by resting your back on one wall and pushing with your feet on the opposite wall. One of the lads below would then run up and down the passageway with a broom trying to dislodge one of the more dare-devil climbers. The first one to drop would then - if he were in any fit state to do so - try to dislodge the others.

When my dad was a teenager entertainers used to come to the yard of the Black's Head public house. One man used to throw potatoes up in the air and smash them to bits with his head. One brave lad, Freddy Molloy, decided he'd try this trick and told my dad, who was his pal, to go and fetch some potatoes. Freddy said, "Right. Throw em now." My dad threw the largest potato he had. It knocked Freddy out. My father didn't dare go out for a week.

Folk came round selling all sorts of things and services - there was the fish man, the crockery man, the bump man who read your fortune from the bumps on your head, the scissors grinders with their bicycles which could be adjusted to turn a grinding stone, and many others.

Tramps always called at Rose Cottage because it was a good house to them. They chalked a secret message on the wall to tell other tramps.

Dad remembered his sister Gladys taking him by the hand and running to the bottom of New Road to see the soldiers passing through Tean in 1914. They were nearly all young men. I was told that nearly all of them were killed in action.



Alec, Ivy and Kitty Brunt, circa 1941
Ivy baby in bonnet

During the First World War the village policeman P.C. James noticed a chink of light coming from the window of Mr. McGarry's gingerbread shop window. He hammered on the window with his knobstick so hard that it smashed, sending shelves of cakes flying and covering everything in broken glass. A local character wrote a poem about it and it found its way into a newspaper. It depicted P.C. James as a bungling idiot. There was the devil to pay. The policeman said if he found out who wrote it he would murder them. He might well have done for he was a strict man and an awesome sight. He was feared by the young people and his knobstick crashed down on many a lad's shoulder. There was very little vandalism like there is today. Young people knew where they stood, not like today.

My father married Catherine May Willets in the early thirties. She was born in Sudbury, Derbyshire. At a young age she left with her parents and two small sisters to live in Birmingham where her parents set up in business. They ran a tailor's shop and a bakery. My grandfather Willet was the first man to make and sell ice-cream there. His celebration cakes won cups and rosettes.

As a young woman Catherine Willets came to Tean to work as a parlour maid at Heath House. It was there that my father met her.

While my father was fighting overseas she made many a bob or two cobbling folks' shoes, cutting hair, piercing ears, making clothes out of almost anything, icing cakes at Christmas and plucking fowl, to name but a few. She was renowned in the village for her ability to see things before they happened. After a long and painful illness she died in 1956 at the age of 44.

My mother used to read people's tea-cups for them. Whatever she saw in the tea-cups was always right. She often said things like, "There's something sinister about such and such a person", or "he's not for this earth long". Much to folks' astonishment she was right. She was a good judge of character.

On the night she died she lay on a pull-out chair and pointing shakily at the clock counted to twelve on her fingers. She did this a number of times. She died on the dot of midnight.

I remember Tommy Regan who used to cycle up the Uttoxeter Road to his home in Hall yard whistling or singing his head off.

There was Johnny Day, another smashing man, who never went past a child without kissing it. They loved him, warts and all - he had them!

Johnny Johnson who kept the Bon Marche was a character. I'm told he used to light the gas lamps. He taught lads to float in the brook. He used to stand for hours directing traffic on the Uttoxeter Road in Tean when it was bad.

Dr. Boydd took out Fred Durose's tonsils on the kitchen table then walked round the property playing his bagpipes. Fred lived at the bottom of St. Thomas' Road by the corner nearest Hollington Road.

Dr. Boydd did someone else's prolapse operation and performed it in their own home, again on the kitchen table with help from Olive Wright, district nurse. Mrs. Nora Dawson laid out all the sheets.

I have two brothers, Alec and David, and a daughter Sarah.



Dorothy and Bill Funge with son Roy outside Heath House where Dorothy was once the cook.



Photo courtesy of Mrs. Ivy Shore (nee Farmer)

My name is Roy William Funge. I was born on 6 January 1944 to Dorothy Funge, nee Stevens, and William Frederick Funge, now both deceased.

My mother was born on 31 December 1904 in Rotherham, Yorkshire. She moved to Sheffield and went into service at the age of 14 years. She came to work at Heath House from Meaford Hall in about 1931 where she met my father William (Bill) Frederick Funge of Uttoxeter Road, Tean. He worked at Tean Mill. They married on 31 March 1934 and went to live at Philips' Lodge - one of the Heath House lodges.

I think it was about 1931 that my mother began work as a cook at Heath House for the Philips family. Also working there at the time were Miss Lindsley, housekeeper; Mrs. Grazier; Bill Simpson, gardener; Bob Bostock; Barbara Kinder (Troy), kitchen maid; Lily Shenton and Mr. Durose, chauffeur.

My mother was also a cook at the Heybridge at one stage until she retired from service. Later she became cook at Greatwood School with Mary Grazier.

Mother and father moved to Lane Head in 1939, part of the Philips estate. Whilst living at Lane Head my father took great pride in his garden and grew beautiful sweet peas and snowdrops, but tomatoes were his speciality.

Father was in the Second World War in Belgium, Holland Germany.

I myself went on to marry Angela Cope from Cheadle. We married on 27 March 1971. Our twin sons Royston and Steven were born in 1974.

My name is Kathleen Horobin. I was born in Tean. Delivered by Nurse Olive Wright, I was the second of three children.

My mother, Nellie Horobin, nee Challinor, was born in Leek in 1908. She was the fourth of eight children.

My father, Mervyn George Horobin, the eldest of two sons, was born in 1887 in either Tean or Cheadle.

My maternal grand-parents William and Kate Challinor were natives of Leek. My paternal grandparents Philip and Eliza Horobin were a Cheadle family. The Horobin side originated in Derby. Philip and Eliza Horobin lived with their two sons at 10 New Road where they ran a grocery and newsagency. They sold practically everything for everyday needs, from butter to paraffin, Tean then being a self-contained village. Behind the shop/house premises was a separate bakehouse and flour room. A baker was employed and his produce was delivered around the district by my Uncle, William Holmes Horobin, in a pony and trap. The pony's grazing ground was here where my home, 22 Old Road, now stands. Later the deliveries changed to that of newspapers.

My father worked for the Inland Revenue at Hanley. Before marriage my mother worked in the textile industry in Leek.

Both my father and Uncle Will were in the First World War. Will had a leg injury and wore leg irons as a result.



Kathleen Horobin as a baby, circa 1936
in the arms of her grandmother,
Mrs. Eliza Horobin

My mother Nellie was a ballet fan having been to classes as a child in Leek. She ran a small class for local children, all girls, just for pleasure; no charge was made. It was very popular. They had a pianist and used what is now Tean Village Hall for their lessons and rehearsals. They called themselves "The Sunshine Ballet" and gave performances in Cheadle Guild Hall. The pupils were not Pavlovas, but they were keen.

One remembers being remonstrated with - "... you are supposed to be a fairy and you're putting your feet down like plates of meat." The child wept when she got home and her mother said, "Alright, you won't go to the classes again", whereupon she cried louder and longer.

The class attempted some forms of classical ballet, a la Isadora Duncan, tap-dancing and song and dance routines. These took place during the mid-1930/early 1940's, days before television. Petrol was rationed so there was no private transport to other parts of the locality. These factors probably accounted for the popularity of 'home-grown' pastimes and entertainments.

There was a Girl Guides group in the village and Aubrey Lymer put on film shows. I can remember Abbot and Costello films.

I trained as a Primary School Teacher at Coloma College, West Wickham, Kent. I started my career teaching infants at old St. Thomas' School, Tean. Later I taught in Stoke-on-Trent for twenty odd years and then returned to the present St. Thomas' School, Tean.



Two views of Old Road, Tean
In the bottom photo the cottage on the left
was a police house



My name is Eva Robson. My grandfather was Herbert Heath and my step-grandmother was Flora Heath. They kept a fruit and vegetable shop in Tean years ago.

My father Egbert (Bert) Porter originated from Swindon. My mother was Gertie Heath. My father married my mother in 1919 on the 1 February. He went to work for his father-in-law Herbert Heath on a farm which someone told me, believe it or not, was at the back of Tean Co-op.

Father and mother later moved to No. 34, New Road, Tean. They had two sons, Cyril and Frank and a girl - myself, Eva.

My father was 85 years old when he died.

As a young man my father worked as a groomsman for the Philips family at Heath House. He drove the family in their landau to and from their destinations. He lived over the stables at Heath House. When he was 18 years old he went to fight in the 1914 - 1918 War in the Royal Horse Artillery. He was awarded the Military Medal and was mentioned in dispatches.

In the Second World War I was in the Womens Royal Air Force and for three years was stationed at bomber stations in Lincolnshire, Norfolk and Yorkshire. I worked in the stores issuing parts for the aeroplanes.



Eva Robson, nee Porter
Womens Royal Air Force



Two views of Tean High Street 128. circa 1900

The romantic story of Tean Hall Mills Limited

FROM COTTAGE TO MODERN EQUIPMENT

The story of Tean Hall Mills Limited—known until recently as J. and N. Philips Ltd.—is one of romantic industrial enterprise and goes back for over 200 years.

The story, which is in many aspects contemporary with the rise of the North Staffordshire pottery industry, begins in the middle of the 18th century when King George II was King and the conditions were anything but pleasant for the great mass of the working classes.

The state of affairs throughout the country—depression from wars and heavy taxation—became a matter of deep concern to two young men, the brothers John and Nathaniel Philips, members of a family long established at Tean.

As the brothers were at this time about to leave their beautiful home, Heath House, standing in well wooded parkland high above Tean Valley to travel to the continent in furtherance of their education, they wrestled with the problem of doing something to brighten the prospects and increasing the comforts of the villagers.

When John and Nathaniel Philips reached Holland after travelling through France and Belgium, they remembered that the country was famous for the art of weaving the most lovely fabrics, and they spent most of their time watching the weavers at work, instead of sticking to their study of languages.

They were so impressed with what they saw, that it occurred to them that this type of industry might be suitable to introduce into their own village.

The brothers lost no time in entering into negotiations for carrying out the project. Through the good offices of a friendly mill manager, they were eventually able to induce an expert weaver, a Dutchman named Van Sanford to agree to come to England.

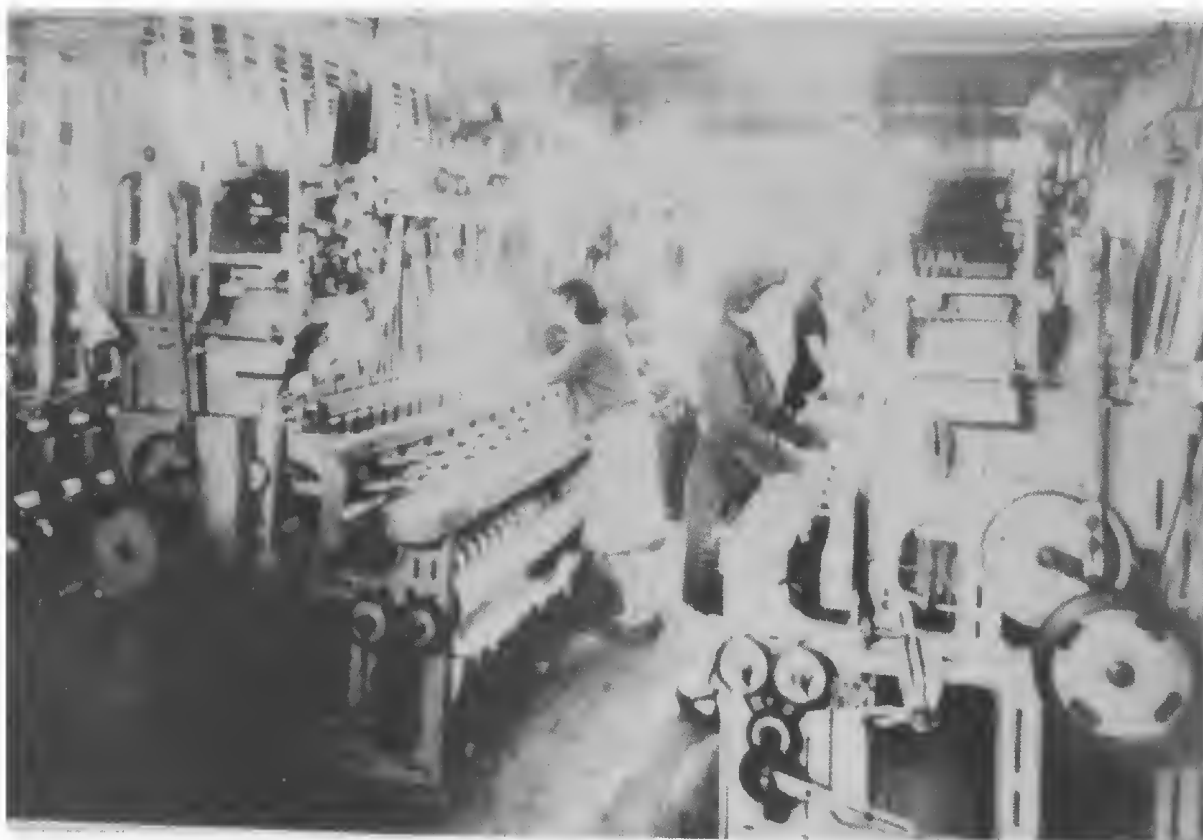
The textile industry in those days was, of course, not carried out in factories, as today, but in the own homes of the workers. So when John and Nathaniel arrived back at Tean with Van Sanford, the first job was to consult with the local carpenter, who subsequently spent six weeks learning from the Dutchman how to construct a loom. Afterwards the Dutchman gave a course of instruction to a number of the villagers who had signed for employment.

As was the trade custom, each employee had to enter into a contract of service, under which they solemnly bound themselves not to reveal their masters secrets to competitors.

At first the Philips brothers, who had sunk a great deal of money in the venture, had a hard struggle to make ends meet, for, besides the heavy cost of bringing Van Sanford from Holland, bills for keeping the looms in repair were heavy.

Fortunately the position improved and when the firm had been put on a sound business basis, Van Sanford returned to Holland.

From then on the industry began to expand rapidly and play an important part in the life of the Tean district. The first major development was the erection of 14 special weavers cottages, each having an attic containing two looms—these were called 'double row'. These cottages have only recently been demolished.



Tean Mill Girls at Work, 1950's



Tean Mill Girls at Work, early 1900's

STEAM POWER

Shortly afterwards the firm were able to acquire the large half-timbered Tudor style premises known as Tean Hall which dominated the High Street and converted it into a central depot and office. From here John Philips undertook the task of issuing the raw materials to the operatives, collecting the finished goods at the end of the week, and sorting out and packing orders for

dispatch to customers while Nathaniel acted as the commercial traveller going up and down the country canvassing for orders mainly from independent merchants and country drapers and haberdashers.

In the course of a few years the high quality pure linen tapes made at Tean were successfully competing against the Continental manufacturers and the firm established sound trading connections in many parts of England and Scotland.

It was the end of the 18th century that marked the turning point when mechanical means were substituted for hand turnings. The later application of steam power completely revolutionised the existing methods and in order not to be behind the times the firm erected a new mill (the 4 storey mill), powered by steam, as early as 1822, when steam engines were still something of a novelty. As the looms were called in from the cottages and concentrated in the new mill the growth of the firm really started to show.

Since those days, the firm has expanded considerably by the building of several weaving 'sheds'.

During the past five years, almost all the old looms have been scrapped and looms of the most modern type installed. Recently a further order has been placed for more new looms for delivery during the later part of 1967 which are to take the place of looms bought in the late 1940's and early 50's.

Although we still produce high quality linen and cotton tapes, this part of the business is only a small part of the total production which now comprises of woven labels, decorative ribbons, ribbons and bindings for the shoe and clothing industries, tapes and webbings for electrical and industrial uses, elastic webs, blanket ribbons, adjustable shoulder straps and many other woven products which come under the general heading of Narrow Fabrics.

'TIMES AND ECHO'
FRIDAY, FEB. 10, 1967

Newspaper cutting courtesy of Mrs. Ivy Shore (nee Farmer) and by kind permission of the Times and Echo.

History of the old Tean Congregational Church from 1822 to 1987...

TIMES AND ECHO,
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1990

A BRIEF history of the Tean Congregational Church from 1772 to 1972 taken from the files describing 200 years of witness.

It was reported in 1770 that there was very little interest in religion at this

time in Tean - Checkley Church the only one in the area.

In 1772 Thos Philips preached in the open Hall Yard.

1798 Services held regularly in the house of John Horobin.

In 1800 there was a gradual spiritual awakening when Rev. Thos Pritchard preached on

horse back in Hall Yard.

1808 a new chapel in the British Schoolroom was built by Major Philips.

1822 The Providence Chapel New Road was built and opened on 23rd September by Rev. T. McCall and Rev. Farmer from Shelton.

1823 church closed while a gallery was built to hold increased congregations, and re-opened in March 1824.

1834 ground opposite chapel was purchased for graveyard. Cost per grave 10/-.

Figures for attendance during the period of 1848/52 were at this time morning 119 and evening 137 (What an inspiring time that must have been for a small village).

1909 new organ given to the church by Mrs Robinson and Miss Johnson.

In 1914/15 there was great hardship. Collections once monthly. Preachers travelled to Cresswell by rail and shared pony and trap to Tean with Catholic Priest. Members contributed 1d. per week towards expenses.

1922 celebrated the centenary year with special services and a two day Bazaar was held in Tean schools.

1940/45. During the Second World War the chapel saw many preachers from all over the world who were stationed in the area.

New manses were purchased in 1948 and in 1962 and in 1966/67 the church was re-styled with a centre aisle.

Until its closure the church has seen many Ministers who gave faithful service and loyal Lay Preachers also travelled from the Potteries and district to give of their time and conduct services.

In 1984 the URC joined with the Methodist Church and on the 30th March, 1987 the church finally closed.

It has now been sold and awaits the builders alterations.



The former Tean United Reformed Church

Tea Methodist Chapel during its life from 1843 to 1985

IT WAS two years ago to the month when we reported on the demolition of the Tea Methodist Chapel which stood on the junction of Old Road and New Road, Tea.

During the period of its life from 1843 until its closure in 1985 the chapel had seen many happy occasions, and generations of families

have worshipped there and will now worship in the new building.

The chapel was built for £600 - the money made up from a building fund and finally paid for by people who made generous donations.

In 1940 the new organ was installed for the grand sum of £175 but because of the war it was delayed in transit and was nearly not assembled in time for its opening. Mrs Doris Sims has been the organist at the church

for 50 years and played the organ at the opening of the new church.

In 1943 the chapel celebrated its centenary with guest speakers and soloists. Sunday School anniversaries were celebrated every spring with the children "sitting-up" on stage and in the autumn the building would be filled with the fragrance of harvest festival.

The chapel closed as a church on 29th December 1985 after joining with the United Reformed Church in 1984.



A sad day when the old Methodist Church was demolished



The scene at the laying of the foundation stone for the Wesleyan Sunday School in 1895. In the background can be seen the stables which have now been demolished and which belonged to the Gardeners Arms. In its place stands the new Gorsty Hill United Church. Who would have thought that 95 years from the laying of the foundation stone that a Church combining the Methodist and the United Reformed would be built on this very spot in Gorsty Hill.

Loving memories linger of the old chapels

TIMES AND ECHO,

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1990

IN 1770 we are told that Tean did not possess a place of worship - the nearest church being Checkley.

It was the open air meetings held in Hall Yard which lead to the start of Chapel worship. The Chapels were known as the Providence Chapel built in 1822 and the Wesleyan/-Methodist Chapel which came some twenty years

later in 1843. In the meantime the foundation stone of Christ Church was laid in 1842. The building of the Catholic Church came much later in 1938.

From a village without a place of worship in 1770, Tean now has its fair share of churches and probably the Gorsty Hill United Church will be the last one to be built for a long time to come.

GOOD SIGN

It must be a good sign for the Christian community that there is

still the need for new churches to be built. The willingness and courage of its congregation has been greatly admired in undertaking this mammoth task.

Though loving memories may linger of the two former Chapels, a new and exciting beginning awaits the use of the new spacious airy modern building.

Tucked away behind the Sunday School room in Gorsty Hill the new church is not visible from the main Tean/Cheadle main road but one thing is for certain, that the sound of rejoicing from within the building will be heard by all passing by.